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By the men . . for the men in the service

INVADER

Boatswain's Mate Merle Ver Berkamos of Grand Haven, Mich., is the skilled coxswain of an invasion boat.

COAST GUARD ISSUE

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COAST GUARDSMEN PILOT THE INVASION BOATS THAT CARRY FIGHTING MEN AND MACHINES

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The Invaders

The Coast Guard crews, who do an expert job of landing boatloads of invading soldiers and marines under fire on foreign enemy shores, learned their stuff as Surfmen at peacetime life-saving stations.

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

GUADALCANAL and North Africa, the two big offensives launched by American Expeditionary Forces since Pearl Harbor, were landing operations depending almost entirely on the successful navigation of small troop-filled invasion boats through strange tides and currents to dangerous enemy shores. The Army and Navy entrusted the work of landing most of these invasion boats to the U. S. Coast Guard, and that's why men like Louis Birch are holding down some of the most important jobs in this war.

Birch is a chief petty officer in the Coast Guard Invaders, the highly-trained specialists whose job it is to set invading American forces down on enemy beaches. He was the engineer of a 36-foot Higgins boat in the first wave of the successful landing of the Marines at Tulagi in the Solomons, an operation carried out simultaneously with the one at Guadalcanal.

U. S. Navy ships began shelling the beach at Tulagi when Birch and the other Invaders started their boats toward the shore. Five-inch shells skimmed low over the heads of the men all the way in. When they were about 500 yards from the beach, the Japs opened fire on them. Then the Marine machine gunners in the first wave fired back, and there was hell to pay.

Suddenly the firing from the shore stopped. Birch, standing behind his engine, thought the Japs were waiting until the boats struck the beach—big targets to be riddled at will.

But when the boats scraped on the sand and the marines jumped out into the surf, the Japs opened up on one of the U. S. destroyers firing from sea. Birch thought the Japs were crazy to ignore the landing party like that but he was certainly relieved. Then, while the Jap batteries continued to slug it out with the destroyer, more waves of assault boats hit the beach safely, and that was that.

"It was a fine beginning of a successful invasion," Birch says. "But it was tough because of that fire in front of us all the way in. Give me a sneak landing any day. They're cleaner and have more suspense. Then you can really concentrate on the boatwork as you go in."

Birch took part in a sneak landing near Tasimoko village on Guadalcanal, shortly after Tulagi. Tasimoko was a Jap stronghold—a pain in the neck for the marines at Henderson Field.

When general quarters sounded on board ship for the Tasimoko landing, Birch was catching a nap in his boat after a night of preparation. Quickly he began the last-minute jobs of storing ammunition, checking his motor, oil, fuel and bilge pumps, and making his emergency tiller ready in case the regular one was shot up.

Start of an invasion. This picture was made during American landing operations on the coast of French Morocco. Supplies are being lowered from transport to barges.

A half hour later, the Higgins boats were lowered down the side of the ship to the level of the deck. The marines climbed in, packing themselves "under-cover", and the boats were lowered to the water. No accidents, no talking by the men; only the gurgle of the engines could be heard as the boats moved toward shore.

The landing was perfect. Birch hit the beach so gently that his boat rolled back languidly with the receding wave. The moment its bottom touched, Birch, in the center of the boat, and his coxswain at the steering post in the rear, automatically muttered, "All right—out."

The marines straightened up, adjusted their helmets and rifles, and began their catlike jumps over the side. Dawn was just breaking.

Whenever his boat is beached, the Coast Guard Invader uses all his skill to keep it from broaching. He fights to keep currents from pushing the boat around broadside to the beach, which would present it as a target almost impossible to miss. And, at the same time, he tries to keep his propeller in deep water so he can get out of there quickly if things take a turn for the worse. As the marines formed platoons on the beach, Birch and his cox struggled to keep their boat clear in the surf.

A few feet down the beach another boat got loose and broached. Birch alternated between wondering how it would get off and watching the marines begin their advance toward the jungle. In the back of his mind he counted the seconds until the first Jap shot. There were Jap guns at either end of the beach, partly hidden by the jungle, and the crews sat around, not sleeping, but watching the skies whenever they bothered to watch anything. The landing barges had sneaked in and were now sneaking out. The marines were

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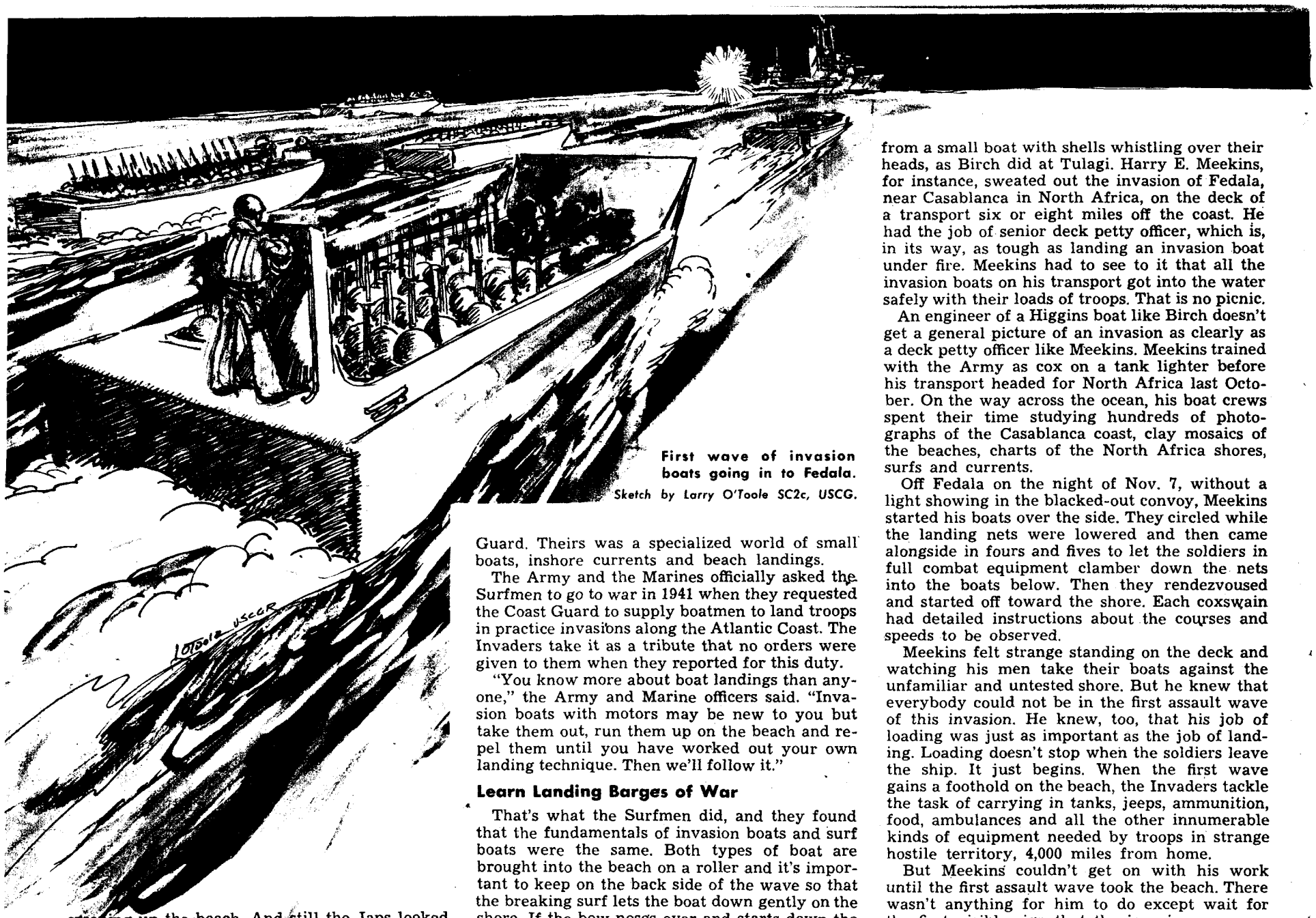

First wave of invasion boats going in to Fedala.
Sketch by Larry O'Toole SC2c, USCG.

creeping up the beach. And still the Japs looked up at the sky.

This made it difficult to work the broached boat around. It couldn't be hauled off by another boat; that would make noise. An engineer, Birch thought of a solution. He put four men on the stern of the broached boat, pushing the exhaust down. A "wet" exhaust meant more engine power. The engine pulled, the boat strained and came off.

The Invaders headed their boats back, this time to a fleet of YP boats bringing more marines from Henderson. Looking over his shoulder at the shore, Birch saw the marines advancing along the beach line and the tracer bullets from the Jap guns, which finally had come to life. The serious work of landing had begun. From now on everything was at top speed.

Men and supplies were landed all through the day. The marines from the YP boats were carried about a mile south of the sneak-landing scene. Supplies and ammunition were raced in. Then the Invaders hooked on to their transport and went back to Henderson for still more marines. This time they landed them directly in front of the village and dashed offshore while the guns from the ship shot up the town. Then the three waves of marines attacked.

Were Surfmen Before the War

After the operation, reloading came hard. The marines were worn out. Many carried extra equipment taken from the Japs. Some were wounded. Everything about the reloading was slow and hazy. There is no excitement about going home.

The split-second accuracy in the handling of invasion boats and the expert knowledge of surf tides and currents that Birch and other Invaders need to make a landing operation successful isn't the result of a 90-day training course taken since Pearl Harbor. The Invaders are veterans of the art of small-boat navigation. Most of them were Coast Guard Surfmen before the war.

According to the books, a Surfman ought to be "born on the beachfront and weaned on salt spray with the sharp smell of marsh mud in his nostrils." Most of them enlisted on the very beaches where they had grown up and stayed on there as boatswains and chief boatswain's mates, wearing the uniform of the life-saving branch of the Coast Guard. Theirs was a specialized world of small boats, inshore currents and beach landings.

The Army and the Marines officially asked the Surfmen to go to war in 1941 when they requested the Coast Guard to supply boatmen to land troops in practice invasions along the Atlantic Coast. The Invaders take it as a tribute that no orders were given to them when they reported for this duty.

"You know more about boat landings than anyone," the Army and Marine officers said. "Invasion boats with motors may be new to you but take them out, run them up on the beach and repel them until you have worked out your own landing technique. Then we'll follow it."

Learn Landing Barges of War

That's what the Surfmen did, and they found that the fundamentals of invasion boats and surf boats were the same. Both types of boat are brought into the beach on a roller and it's important to keep on the back side of the wave so that the breaking surf lets the boat down gently on the shore. If the bow noses over and starts down the front side of the wave, it's liable to slip sideways and capsize or, what's worse, turn end over end.

By the time the Surfmen became Invaders, they knew the landing barges of war as well as the life boats they had left on the beaches back home. They also began to train Army, Navy and Marine invasion-boat operators who share their work today in the South Pacific and North Africa.

Louis Birch is only 22 years old, but he is a veteran Surfman, one of the first to change over to the Invaders. He was born at Chincoteague, Va., an island near Cape Hatteras so remote that wild horses roam its sand dunes. When he became an Invader, Birch worked out his landing technique with the Marines at Solomon Island in Maryland. Then he went to the Higgins school in New Orleans to study tank lighters, ramp boats for jeeps and personnel boats and graduated with second honors in his class. He was assigned to a Marine transport as a trainer of Marine boatmen and as an Invader-engineer in his own right.

Birch knew an invasion was coming when his transport was ordered last summer to an island in the South Pacific, surrounded by coral reefs and currents similar to those at the Solomons. There his outfit began an endless series of dummy runs, first without Naval support so that the crews and landing parties could concentrate on landing technique, and then under gunfire and air support to accustom the men to forcing a beach head in the midst of a bombardment.

"When we were through, we knew as much about landing in the Pacific as we did about landing in the Atlantic," says Birch.

Not all the Coast Guard Invaders see action from a small boat with shells whistling over their heads, as Birch did at Tulagi. Harry E. Meekins, for instance, sweated out the invasion of Fedala, near Casablanca in North Africa, on the deck of a transport six or eight miles off the coast. He had the job of senior deck petty officer, which is, in its way, as tough as landing an invasion boat under fire. Meekins had to see to it that all the invasion boats on his transport got into the water safely with their loads of troops. That is no picnic.

An engineer of a Higgins boat like Birch doesn't get a general picture of an invasion as clearly as a deck petty officer like Meekins. Meekins trained with the Army as cox on a tank lighter before his transport headed for North Africa last October. On the way across the ocean, his boat crews spent their time studying hundreds of photographs of the Casablanca coast, clay mosaics of the beaches, charts of the North Africa shores, surfs and currents.

Off Fedala on the night of Nov. 7, without a light showing in the blacked-out convoy, Meekins started his boats over the side. They circled while the landing nets were lowered and then came alongside in fours and fives to let the soldiers in full combat equipment clamber down the nets into the boats below. Then they rendezvoused and started off toward the shore. Each coxswain had detailed instructions about the courses and speeds to be observed.

Meekins felt strange standing on the deck and watching his men take their boats against the unfamiliar and untested shore. But he knew that everybody could not be in the first assault wave of this invasion. He knew, too, that his job of loading was just as important as the job of landing. Loading doesn't stop when the soldiers leave the ship. It just begins. When the first wave gains a foothold on the beach, the Invaders tackle the task of carrying in tanks, jeeps, ammunition, food, ambulances and all the other innumerable kinds of equipment needed by troops in strange hostile territory, 4,000 miles from home.

But Meekins couldn't get on with his work until the first assault wave took the beach. There wasn't anything for him to do except wait for the first visible sign that the invasion was proceeding as planned—the flash of a giant searchlight at the battery of French 138-mm guns stationed along the shore. The French would have to turn on that light in order to fire at the landing Americans.

After the first wave headed for the beach, the minutes dragged by slowly back on the transport. Meekins and the others who were left behind leaned on the rail, peering into the darkness trying to guess what was happening. Then somebody yelled, "There she goes!" and the brilliant beam of the light flashed on the beach.

Immediately the U. S. destroyers and landing boats opened fire, the first few shots knocking the searchlight into darkness.

Trip After Trip Made Under Fire

When morning came, all but one of the machine-gun nests were wiped out and the Americans got that last one early in the afternoon. Firing continued from the hills behind the beach, though, and endless strafing from the air gave the Invaders something besides rocks and surf to worry about. But by that time, Meekins didn't have a chance to sit and wonder about the battle.

His Invaders had started the work of carrying food, ammunition and supplies ashore, and bringing wounded back to the ship. They made steady relays of round trips from ship to shore for the next 50 hours without a break, stopping only when their boats were shot from under them. Then they took the places in other boats left vacant by men who were killed and wounded. The surf rose up high and treacherous, and boats were lost. But the troops were pressing inland and the Invader boats had to keep the supplies moving behind them.

"I think the experience and training of the Coast Guard Invaders was an important thing in that landing at Fedala," says Meekins. "It was lucky that most of us were Surfmen from stations along the beaches at home where we learned how to handle boats in all kinds of weather."

Those years of training in the peacetime Coast Guard stations on the sand dunes of California, the rocks of Maine and the beaches of the Carolinas have paid off, with interest, in the Solomons and Africa during the past year. And there will be more payments soon on other shores.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

SHUTTERBUGS

"The most shot-at men in the Northern Pacific." That's what soldiers up in Alaska call these GI photographers who risk their necks taking pictures of Jap installations in the Andreanofs.

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Guard Your Coast MISTER?

THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING THE BEACHES SINCE 1790

By Sgt. FRANK DE BLOIS with Pirate Illustrations by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

WHEN it comes to "firsts" the Coast Guard is right up there in the bow of the ship.

For the Coast Guard was the first service commissioned in the United States of America. It was established by Alexander Hamilton as part of the Treasury Department to assure the collection of the country's customs payments. In other words, it was designed to fight smugglers. The date was Aug. 4, 1790.

The Coast Guard was also the first service to have an officer commissioned by a U. S. President. His name was Hopley Yeaton and he was commissioned by George Washington in 1790 "to command a cutter in the service of the United States of America." Yeaton's commission followed by a couple of months the establishment of the Coast Guard — then called the U. S. Revenue Service — as an organization to patrol the Atlantic Seaboard.

The Coast Guard was the first service to do any actual fighting for the U. S. In the undeclared war with France in 1798, revenue cutters formed this nation's only naval force and, aided by privateers, they upheld the new republic's dignity on the seas.

The Coast Guard sent the first ships to patrol U. S. continental waters in the Pacific, was the first organization to carry the news of Dewey at Manila, was first among all U. S. services in percentile loss of life in the first World War and the first U. S. service to have contact with the enemy in the present —when Coast Guardsmen seized enemy radio installations in Greenland.

But, at the very beginning, the Coast Guard idea was the idea of Alexander Hamilton, who proposed to Washington's Congress the establishment of a revenue service to end smuggling on our coastal waters. The first Coast Guard vessels, 36 to 40 foot sloops, were assigned to areas from Cape Cod to Chesapeake Bay and Hopley Yeaton was placed in charge of them.

After a brush with the French in 1798, the Coast Guard got its first real smell of battle in the war of 1812.

After the war was won, the revenue cutters turned their attention to the slick coastal pirates, who had more tricks up their sleeves than a California faro sharp.

One of the tricks of these old buccaneers was to steal lighthouses from reefs along craggy shores. This was done so that innocent merchantmen would crack up on rocks. After the merchant crews went away, the pirates would come out of their hiding and strip the reefed ships of everything stealable.

In 1819, the Coast Guard cutter *Alabama* chased a pirate schooner a couple of hundred miles through the Gulf of Mexico before overhauling her just off New Orleans.

The outlaw schooner was flying the pirate skull and bones when the *Alabama* sighted her, and she kept her flag flying all through the chase. Her captain, wise in the ways of the gulf, hung close to the shore line, dodging in and out of the reefs and kicking over warning buoys in the hope that the pursuing cutter would stumble over shore edge rocks.

As the cutter drew closer, the pirate ship began shedding weight to make faster her run. Overboard went furnishings, a hold full of loot and finally a horse the pirate captain had kept below decks as a pet. The cutter found the plug swimming around in the gulf six miles out of Galveston, Tex.

When the *Alabama* finally cornered the pirates, the patch-eye crew opened fire from both fore and aft guns. When their ammunition was gone, the pirates balled up their log and used it as fodder. Then they started to throw things — belaying pins, tar barrels, kitchen pots full of hot stew, and finally the anchor, which punched a hole in the side of the cutter.

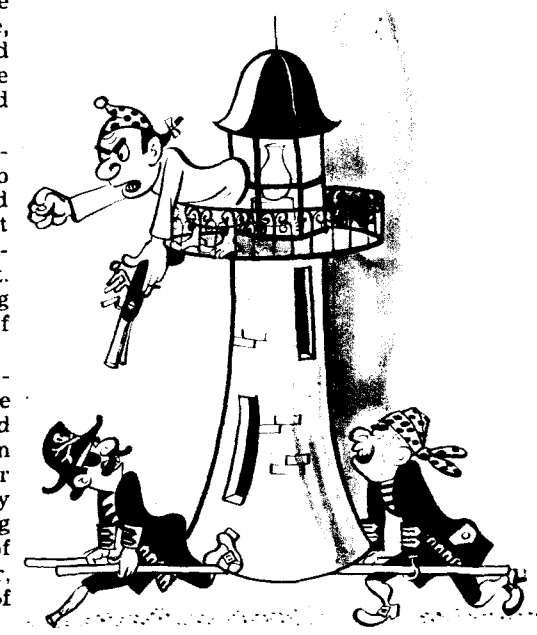
At last, with nothing left to throw at the cutter but his glass eye, the pirate skipper gave up.

In the Civil War, the Revenue Service, split in two by the partisanship that cut a swath through the whole nation, hit the low point of its history.

Rebuilt after the war, the Revenue Service continued to grow. Cutters fought for Dewey and Hobson in the Spanish-American War, and, reorganized as the Coast Guard, in the convoy lanes during the first World War.

One cutter, the *Tampa*, escorted 18 convoys of 350 ships from Gibraltar to Britain before she was sunk by a German submarine on Sept. 26, 1918.

During the thundering 20s, when man's best friend was his bootlegger, the Coast Guard incurred some public enmity by chasing the friendly fellows up and down the Atlantic rum-running channels all through the night. Later, with repeal, the Coast Guard returned to public favor, and its position has been made more secure than ever by its performance in the present World War.



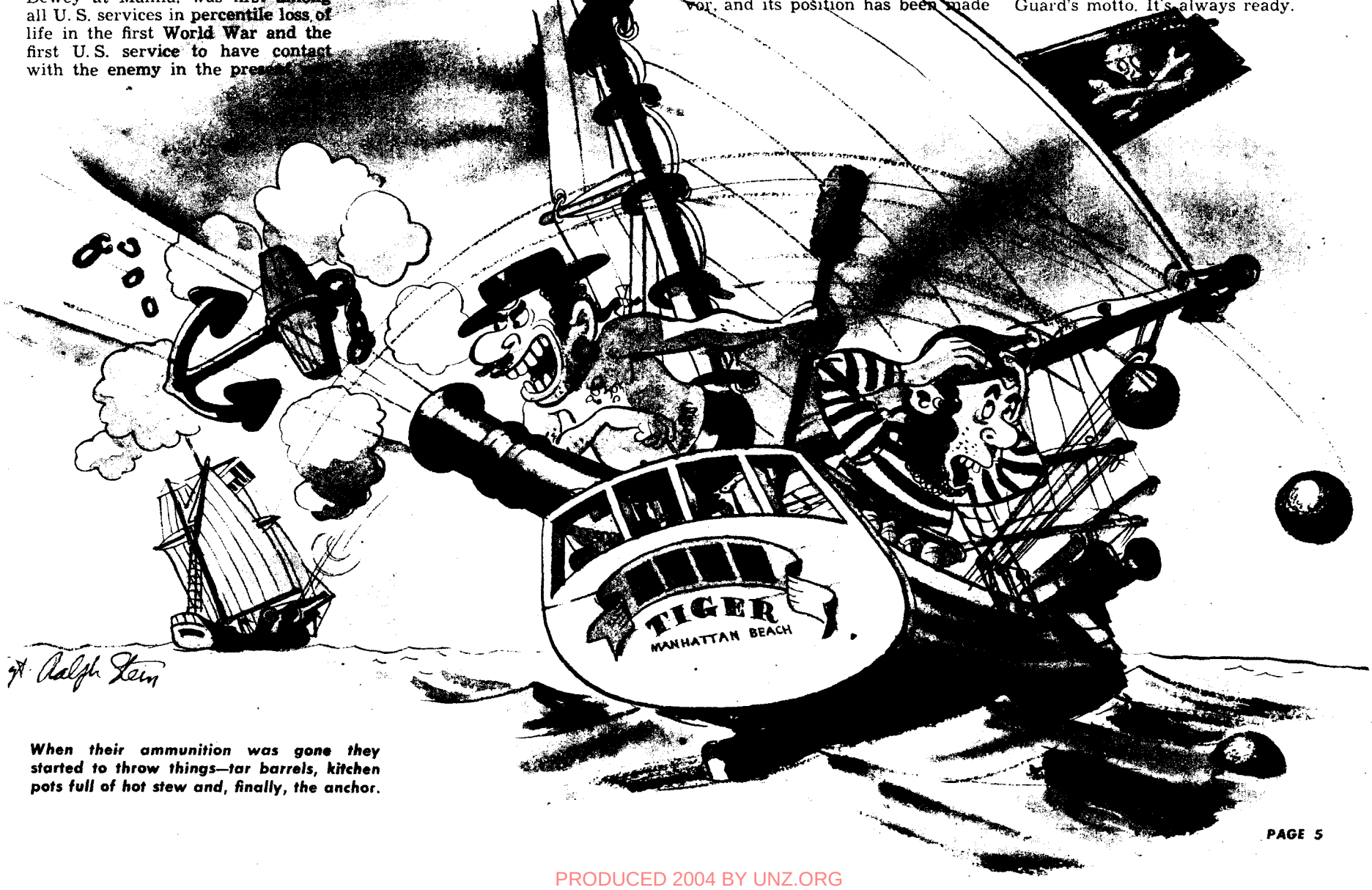
The slick pirates stole lighthouses.

Today the Coast Guard is larger in personnel than the nation's peacetime Navy. Coast Guard vessels are operating in every theater of war, and the service also has its own aviation unit with nine air stations. The planes are used mostly in anti-submarine patrol.

Coast Guardsmen are tackling their war job the same way they tackled the Spanish Main pirates and the Bering Sea garbage patrol—in their stride. It's kind of hard to excite them.

Typical of his mates is Chief Boatswain Mate Hunter Wood, an artist, of New York, who after establishing a beachhead during landing operations in Africa and rescuing the survivors of a bombed transport, returned to a still life he was painting on ship's canvas.

Semper Paratus is the Coast Guard's motto. It's always ready.



When their ammunition was gone they started to throw things—tar barrels, kitchen pots full of hot stew and, finally, the anchor.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

A Yank looks for enemy planes in Tunisia. The visitor above his head seems to want to help.

Army Stevedores in Iran Use Sign Language To Pass the Ammunition Along to Russia

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

A PORT IN IRAN—GIs here desert their usual role of landlubber and do a trick or two on longshore detail. They carry ordinary rank —sergeant, staff sergeant and corporal—but what you hear them call each other are hatch boss, coolie foreman, winch foreman, checker, etc.

They are what the Army calls a Port Company whose job is to get materiel off ships and to other transportation as quickly as possible for the Russians up north.

Some of these men worked docks in San Francisco and Hoboken before they put on OD war paint. Others learned their stevedore savvy in the Army. Sgt. Al Carcone, a black-bearded hatch boss from New York City, used to be an airplane mechanic. Now he's supervising a crew of coolies unloading bad medicine for Germans on the Eastern Front.

They No Savvy but Love to Argue

Al finds the coolies easy to work with. "Once you get them moving," he says, "they really step. But sometimes it's hard to get them started. When a coolie goofs off for a short nap, he's really dead. When they're working you have to do almost all your bossing by sign language."

Sgt. Stanley Karcz, a Clifton New Jerseyite of Polish extraction, finds the same difficulty. Stan speaks five languages, but none of the five means a damn thing to his coolies. "And they love to argue," Stan says. "They'll argue whether you can understand them or not. Eventually, if you wave your arms around enough, they'll get the idea and break it up and get rolling again."

The Port Company boys are gradually learning a little coolie talk on their own since it's a cinch the coolies aren't going to adopt English overnight. The bosses holler "zourbazan" or "hoodi" when they mean "push" and indicate directions by names of Iranian towns. It's as if a gang boss on a Charleston dock gave his directions in terms of "push toward Miami" or "push toward New York."

Their Wardrobe Is Varied

The coolies like their Yank bosses all right, and they are a colorful lot. Some of them wear loose garments of a slack-woven burlap, others sweeping cotton robes with old golf caps; some wear skirts, some wear trousers, some wear canvas shoes with a woven-cloth sole that looks like grandma's hooked rug, and some blossom out in sporty slacks and sharply cut plaid jackets.

The one job the coolies never quite master is winch operation. They get too enthusiastic and none of them can grasp the meaning of "go slow". When a coolie is trying to see just how fast he can pull several thousand pounds out of a narrow hatch and deposit it on the dock, the life of a GI longshoreman grows grim.

Coolies don't take happily to new ways even when they mean improvement. Cpl. Erving Furie, a loading foreman from Burlington, Vt., tells of the coolie gang that was carefully shown the use of wheelbarrows.

"They all nodded and looked happy and talked a blue streak among themselves," Furie says, "and then, when it was their turn to work the 'barrows, they loaded them up just like we showed them, hoisted them on their backs and staggered down the dock."

There are plenty of ratings among the Port Company boys, but that doesn't mean much. It's not unusual to see a corporal or even a sergeant on KP.

The boys have day and night shifts and when they get off they're too tired even to gripe that their outpost is one of the most isolated in Iran. Besides, you aren't looking for a nice double feature or even for Betty Grable in the flesh after 12 hours hot work with a coolie gang.

Barracks are the usual native style construction and are comfortable except in the face of a really heavy rain. Amusements are strictly limited. There isn't much doing in the nearest town and since furloughs are only a myth, entertainment is confined to listening to records and wondering if it's worth the effort to write a fan letter to Dinah Shore or to win back and lose again one's pay at blackjack or poker.

There's only one real consolation and that's the ships that come in. Ships mean hot showers and maybe an extra good meal or two if you can find a friend on board. Just when someone like Sgt. Ted Desjardins of Springfield, Mass., may be explaining that "it's not too bad as long as it lasts, but I hope to hell it don't last long", a new ship may pull up to the dock.

Even before it's secured, the crew and the Military Stevedores (this is their GI nomenclature) are shouting across the water. Soon it's "Hey, Homer, there's a guy from Ohio on this tub!" and the old "who do you know?" routine is off to a new start.

They Started Off Light Breakfast With Thick, Rare T-Bone Steaks

NORTH AFRICA — Chief Commissary Steward Emory P. Ward of the Coast Guard from Anne Arundel County, Md., says the North African landings could be called an "after-breakfast invasion."

Invading troops were given a light breakfast just before they climbed down the landing nets into the boats. It consisted of orange juice, oatmeal, toast and coffee, and the last men to be fed were just licking their lips when falls and davits were being set for the "lower away" order.

This was breakfast. But just an hour before, the troops and crew all waded into T-bone steaks and appropriate side dishes.

"The steaks were grilled only slightly," Chief Ward said, "and served very rare. This was done on orders; I guess with the idea that rare meat makes a better fighter. You know how it is with dogs and cats. Give them rare meat and they become vicious."

—YANK Coast Guard Correspondent

Thoughts In a London Blackout: Things Like This Make War Hell!

LONDON—To find a pub in a blackout, just get caught in pedestrian traffic on any corner and you will be pushed into one in short order. The way you find the corner is to get off any bus and you'll be goosed up onto the sidewalk by a bicycle with a madman for a driver. The way you find a bus is to follow the first odor that reminds you of burning rags until you run into an exhaust pipe. That will be a bus. The odor will be gasoline.

When you bump into a woman here at night, you don't say, "Hya, babe." You just take a deep sniff and if it is Yardley's you follow her.

Were you ever in a blackout in a fog? We spent all one night crawling home on our hands and knees. Of course, we could have taken a taxi. In this town, if you put your name in a week in advance you can get the one with two tires on it. If you're in a hurry, you take the one that burns kerosene. The decontamination service at the end of the run is free. There is also a mid-Victorian cab, but it is haunted.

The other night we saw a poster advertising a Hedy Lamarr picture. We got in line and an hour later, when we reached the head of it, we were handed two links of strong sausage and a slice of limburger cheese. That's what comes of having those ration lines too close to the cinema.

—Pvt. ED L. HANBRIDGE

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Meet the Guys Who Saved You, Sergeant

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN AIR BASE IN THE ANDREANOFS—This story is written for three guys—Sgt. Robert J. Aldrich of Lackawanna, N. Y., radio operator on a B-25; T/Sgt. Albert Klettke of Ritzville, Wash., crew chief on a B-24; and Signalman Third Class Robert Wilson McDonald of Tampa, Fla. They don't know each other; they never heard each other's name before. But two of them saved the third one's life.

Maybe Aldrich and Klettke and McDonald will read this and get together some time.

Aldrich was in a B-25 piloted by Capt. Joe M. Larkin of Dallas, Tex., and Lt. Ray Stoltzman. They were headed for home when the williwaw suddenly struck. As if a trap door had opened under it, the plane shot down 400 feet before Capt. Larkin could right it.

Then there was hell to pay. Three bombs jerked loose from their shackles; the fourth catapulted through the bomb-bay doors. The hydraulic line was partially shattered; the nose wheel refused to drop, and the emergency cable release was broken.

Sgt. Nolan C. Huffhines, turret gunner, who used to drive a milk truck in Seagraves, Tex., said, "I crawled down into the bomb bay to take a try at releasing the other three bombs. They were only hanging by one end, and the bombardier couldn't cut them loose from his compartment."

It wasn't very long before everybody knew that there was nothing to do but try for a belly landing—with three 500-pound demos hanging on by the teeth.

"Ready to hit the silk," Capt. Larkin ordered, meaning everyone but himself and Lt. Stoltzman.

The bombardier, Lt. Back from Kentucky, was the first to jump. He bounced safely near the runway. Next came Sgt. Huffhines, who was not so lucky. He plunged into the freezing water of the bay but was pulled out two minutes later by a Navy crash boat crew. The other gunner, Pvt. Roland Pappano, a printer from Philadelphia, who was making his first flight, bailed out after Huffhines and struck earth not far from Lt. Back.

T/Sgt. Albert Klettke of Ritzville, Wash., who saved Sgt. Robert Aldrich from drowning.

The rescued Sgt. Aldrich with Sgt. Huffhines.

Aldrich was the last to leave.

"After Pappano jumped," he said, "we flew another complete circle. I lowered myself through the emergency door into the breeze, letting my feet hang down and holding on with my fingers until the captain gave me the signal to fall away. When he dropped his arm, I let go. As soon as I was clear of the ship, I pulled the ripcord. I felt pretty damn good when I saw that chute flare open and felt myself dangling away up there.

"The only trouble was, the closer I got to the bottom, the faster it seemed I was falling, and I could see for sure that I was in for a dunk in the drink. I snatched at the cords on my Mae West life preserver. When I hit that icy water I thought I was a dead duck. It was so damn cold I was paralyzed.

"Worst of it was, the wind kept my parachute half-open just over the surface of the water, and I was blowing toward a snaggle of rocks. I saw a PBY swooping kind of low over the water and I remember saying a prayer that it was coming after me. Then a hell of a big wave smacked me square in the face. I swallowed a crock full of salt water and felt myself being sucked under. The last thing I remember was seeing a little boat quite a distance away. I kept wondering why it didn't come after me."

What Sgt. Aldrich could not have known as he lapsed into unconsciousness was that as his crewmate, Sgt. Huffhines, was pulled into that small boat, the shrouds of his parachute had floated under the craft and fouled the propeller. By the time that was clear, Aldrich had blown too close to the shore for the boat to get him.

Meanwhile, Capt. Larkin and Lt. Stoltzman had set the plane down on the main landing gear, which was locked in half-retracted position, and the tail skid.

From a spot on the hill near the beach Sgt. Klettke had stood watching the parachutes drifting down out of the fog.

"There was this guy bobbing around like a buoy on a chain. So I yelled at Mays—that's T/Sgt. Weldon F. Mays of Covington, Tex.—and we chucked off our clothes down to our longhandles and waded out into the bay. The first breaker hit us and knocked us about 20 feet back. The cold water almost stopped my breathing. I don't know what happened to Mays after that.

"When I was able to get back on my feet again, I took another run, sometimes wading, sometimes swimming, until I got out to this guy. He was out colder'n a sturgeon.

"Everything would have been OK even then, except the undertow had his parachute and I couldn't budge him in any direction. The breakers kept pounding into the shrouds, and my fingers were so frozen I couldn't get him unhooked from the harness. The only thing I could do was hold his head above water and pray like hell for help.

"About this time, I spotted the little Navy crash boat coming, but I knew damn well it could never get past the rocks to where we were. Then I saw one of the bravest guys in the world. He was a sailor on this little boat. I saw him peel off his clothes and dive over the side of the boat. He swam and waded over the rocks with waves breaking all around him.

"He held this other guy high in the water so I could reach the snaps on the parachute lines. At last I got him unhooked.

"When I looked around again, I saw that soldiers had come running to the beach from all over the camp. About 20 or 25 of them formed a life chain by wading out into the water at arm's length from each other. The sailor and I managed to drag the unconscious guy to the last man in the chain. From there he was passed, hand over hand, to shore. They say a fellow can only live for about 20 minutes in this water. This guy must have been in there at least that long. I didn't know whether we'd pulled in a live one or a dead one."

Klettke and the seaman waded to shore, where a doctor and an ambulance were waiting.

"I'd sure like to meet that sailor," Klettke said. "I never did find out his name. For that matter, I never did hear for sure who the guy was we rescued."

The guy they rescued, Sgt. Aldrich, after being flown to another camp a few days after his release from the hospital without even a runny nose to show for his frigid escape, never knew who rescued him, either.

And so, we say, Sgt. Klettke, meet Sgt. Aldrich and then let the both of you shake hands with the sailor in the story—Signalman McDonald.

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WATCH from every section of the ship is the unceasing order of the day for cutters on convoy guard duty.

SEXTANT takes noon sight. **QUARTERS** for crew comes at same time. **HEAVY WEATHER** slows up convoy, makes good hunting for subs.

Coast Guard Convoy

Pictures from motion-picture film taken aboard the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter Campbell by George C. Twambly CPM, USCG. Sketches by Hunter Wood CBM, USCGR.

THE submarine was 25 feet away when the *Campbell* surprised it. Surfaced, with men on the deck, it made a strange, glinting but unmistakable bulk in the dark, moving through icy waters off the cutter's prow.

The sub seemed to pause for a second when it spotted the *Campbell*. Then it began to maneuver frantically.

"Right full rudder," a *Campbell* officer shouted, and the cutter swung, steering a collision course to ram the Nazi.

Forward guns began firing as the thin pencil of searchlight from the *Campbell* found the sub for a moment. A few of the German crew stood transfixed on the deck, looking in their terror as though they had turned to superstructure.

This was the sixth submarine the U. S. Coast Guard cutter *Campbell* had engaged in a 12-hour running fight. It was the twelfth time the men had raced to battle stations in the course of a day and a night. But this time the sub was closer than any of the other five had been, and the men pried open their ready boxes, feeling as excited as a football team a yard from the winning touchdown.

One of the ships guarding a trans-Atlantic convoy, the *Campbell* had been ordered out the day before to look for submarines. Nazi subs travel in packs today—wolf packs, they are called, as vicious an improvement in sea warfare as the Nazi has been able to devise.

The *Campbell*, 2,000 tons, 327 feet, and neither as fast nor as heavily armed as a destroyer, found herself in the midst of just such a wolf pack.

After leaving her convoy the *Campbell* had scoured the sea for 25 miles. No contact.

That night the *Campbell* turned back toward the convoy.

Speeding through a wallowing sea, officers on the bridge spied a submarine surfaced in the distance. General quarters sounded aboard and the men raced to battle stations as the cutter wheeled toward the sub. But the enemy, too, was on the alert. The straining eyes of the *Campbell* crew saw it submerge before the cutter got close enough to fire. All the Coast Guard men could do was drop a pattern of depth charges over the spot where the sub had been.

In these times the job of guarding a convoy does not permit waiting around for wreckage to be thrown up by depth charges. As the ashcans sent geysers thundering into the air, the *Campbell* was already headed in the direction of her convoy. The men could only strain their eyes back to the churning water, looking for slicks or wreckage.

Shortly after this the *Campbell* radio picked up a call for help from a Canadian corvette which had engaged another sub. Again the crew stood tense at battle stations as the cutter dashed toward the submarine. Again the sub disappeared before the *Campbell* got within range.

Next morning the *Campbell* was proceeding on course when a periscope rose up ahead and snapped down instantly when it saw the ship. Once more the depth charges thundered down when the cutter reached the spot.

It was plain now that the wolf pack was all around. The law of averages indicated there were 20 or 30 submarines after the convoy.

BATTLE STATIONS means gun crews standing tense for the order to open fire. Range is phoned from the fire-control tower. **GUNNER'S** dream is to find

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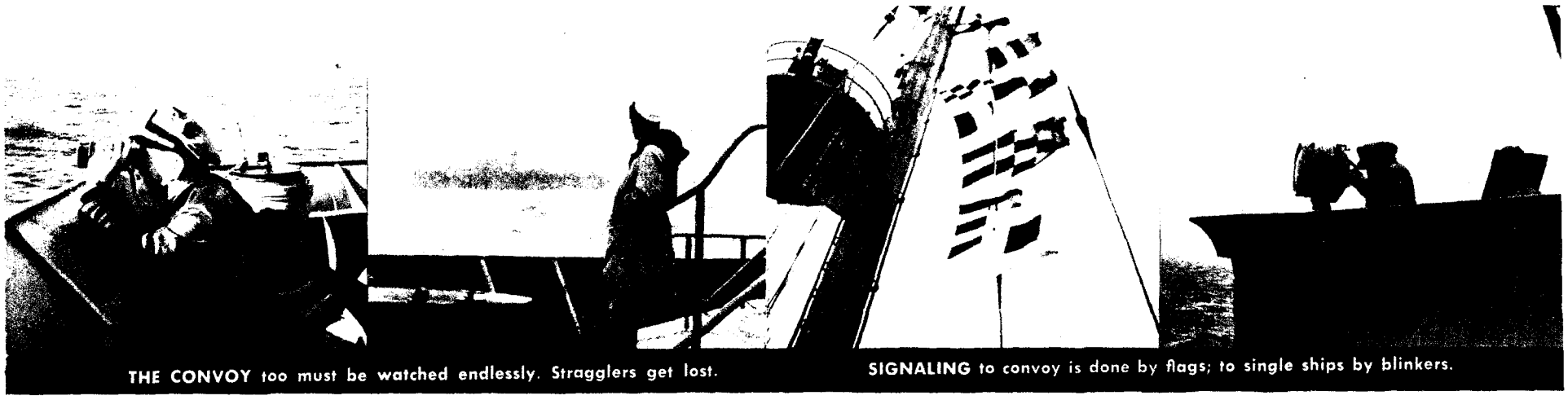
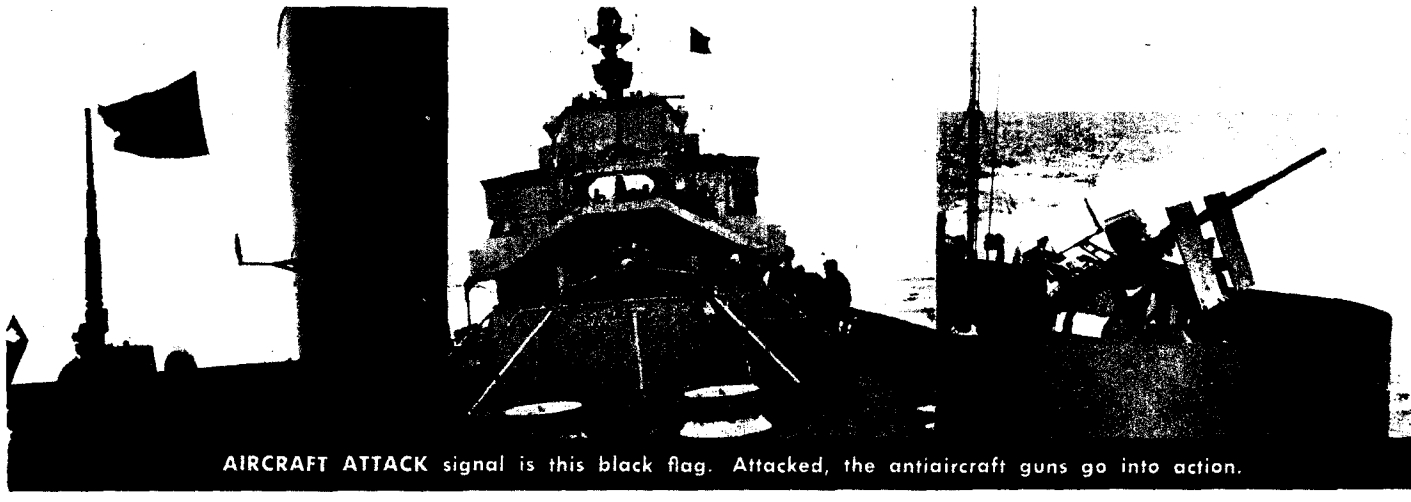


THE CONVOY too must be watched endlessly. Stragglers get lost. SIGNALING to convoy is done by flags; to single ships by blinkers.



AIRCRAFT ATTACK signal is this black flag. Attacked, the antiaircraft guns go into action.

Chief Signalman

Daily routine on a convoy cutter is tough, as shown in these films, but the excitement that comes from a fight with a U-boat wolf pack makes it worthwhile.

Through the day the *Campbell* set its course for the convoy. At night she had almost caught up when a fourth submarine was seen diving desperately to get away. The *Campbell* pounded the area with ashcans.

Then, almost before the ship was back to normal, a fifth sub did the familiar and heartbreaking disappearing act.

Because she could not wait around to pick up evidence, the *Campbell* does not claim any of these subs. Men aboard, however, reason this way: "We attacked them on the surface and dropped depth bombs. We have no concrete evidence that the first three were destroyed, but we can't see how the hell two escaped. We saw an oil slick after at least one had gone."

Whatever the score, by this time the pent-up emotion and frustration of the men aboard the *Campbell* would have set off a few depth charges of its own. They had spotted five submarines and seen them escape. Now came the sixth—and this one was only 25 feet away.

The gun crews started to fire at once. As they did they gave yips of excitement, like cowboys in a rodeo, and the crew backed them up with shouts of encouragement wrenched out of their throats by the crisis of a lifetime coming on top of the suspense of the past 12 hours.

At one point a terrific voice rose above the racket. "Blow the bastards' b - - - - off," it ordered and then was heard no more.

Still trying to maneuver out of the way, the sub crossed the *Campbell's* bow and was off starboard, churning water as she still tried frantically to get out of the way. But the *Campbell* kept to her collision course, forward deck guns and armament blazing, her crew yelling like Comanches. A few seconds and the sub was so close under the bows that the forward guns could not find it.

Because of the sub's maneuvers, the *Campbell* struck a glancing, sideswiping blow. Even above their yells the crew could hear the sharp cutting sound as the bow knifed through the thin skin of the enemy craft. Then came a grinding as the gashed submarine drifted away from the contact, leaving the great rip in its side open to the sea.

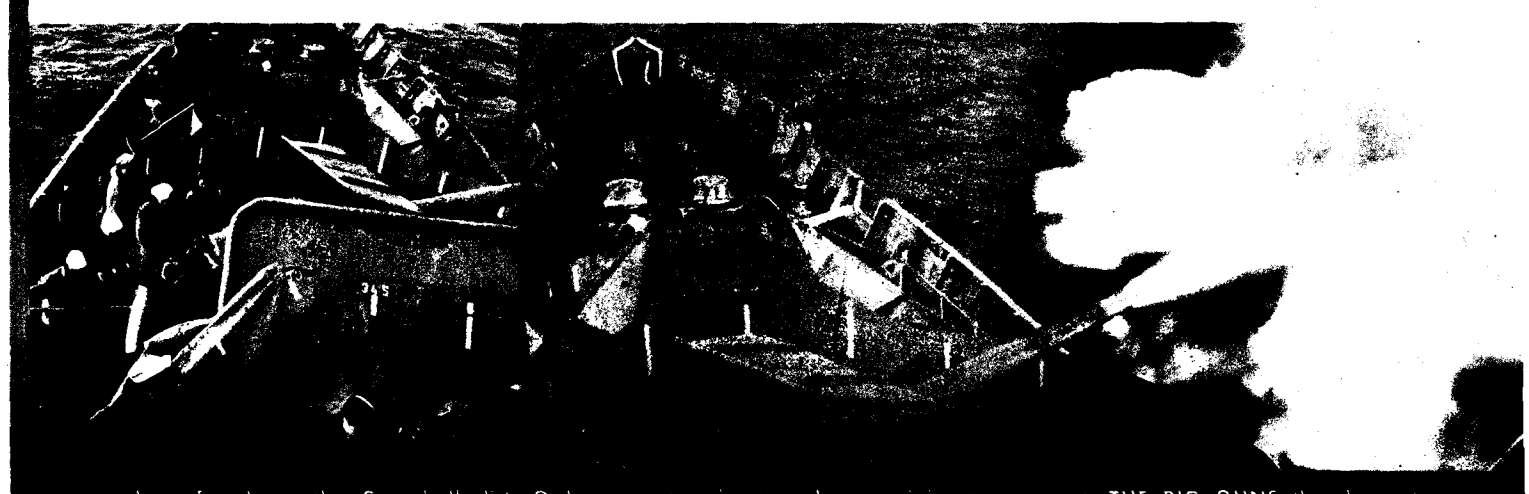
Sliding through the dark past the stricken sub the *Campbell* crew saw the huge conning tower and heavy armaments of the enemy. Then the rear gunners came into range. Theirs was the kill, at point-blank range, and their tracer bullets made plumes of fire as they plunged into the hull and superstructures of the enemy.

"We peppered his deck and his conning tower and blew holes in him," one man aboard recalls with satisfaction.

Firing furiously from all rear guns the *Campbell* slid on by. The sub had had no opportunity to put up a fight. Now she started to go down by the tail, her only requiem the ear-splitting sound of the *Campbell's* guns and the jubilant shouts of the crew.

. . . From sighting to sinking, the action took two minutes. . . .

Talker, Fire Control



a sub surfaced as the *Campbell* did. Orders are to shoot and ram sink at any cost THE BIG GUNS thunder out

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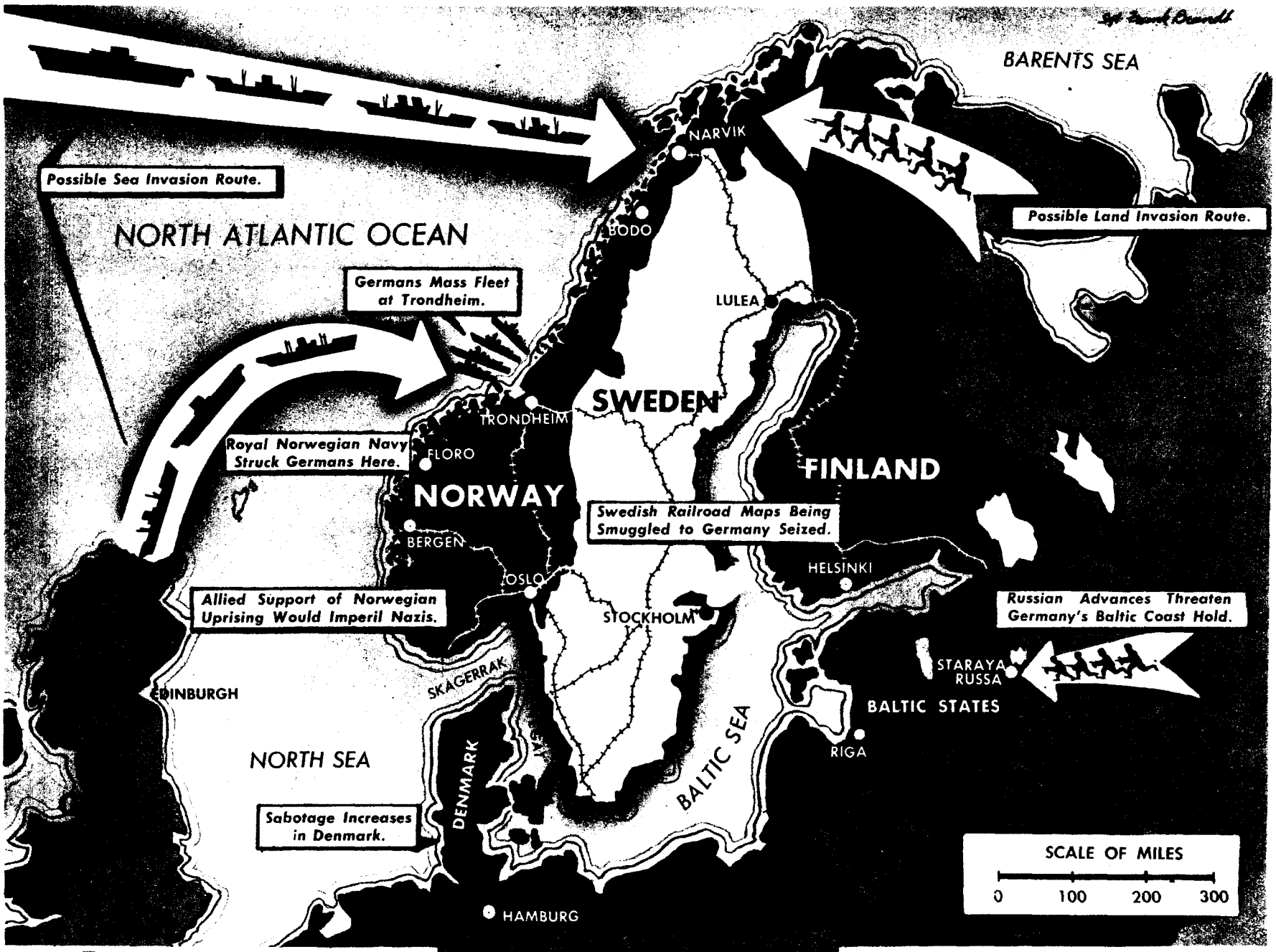

Invasion of Norway?

Growing power of Norwegians, who are determined to retake their country from the Nazis, has Adolf Hitler worried.

FOR the first time since Bismarck forged Germany into a mighty militaristic nation, the Baltic Sea is no longer traditionally secure protection for the Reich on the north.

With Herr Hitler casting anxious eyes to the east, south and west, he now is worrying about his northern boundary.

To make the Baltic a natural defensive position, Hitler early occupied Denmark and Norway, commanding the entrance to the Sea via Skagerrak and Kattegat. To the east, he had to push the Russians back from the Baltic shore in order to deprive the Russian Fleet of any freedom of action.

But news from Europe indicates that Germany is not so sure of herself on this front. Fearing invasion from the north, Germany has impressed all available Norwegians for labor on defense works between Bergen and Trondheim.

Germany has massed the bulk of her surface ships at Trondheim to repel any Allied attempt at invasion, and to harass shipping lines to Russia.

In Denmark, sabotage against the Nazis has greatly increased, with the Germans vainly exerting every effort to stamp it out.

On the third anniversary of the German entry into Norway, Johann Nygaardsvold, premier of the Norwegian government in exile, broadcast a message to his fellow countrymen from London. He said that the Norwegian Army was "preparing to play an important role during the reconquest of our country."

These were not idle words. Only a week before, sleek, swift craft of the Norwegian Royal Navy operating out of Britain, slid into Nazi-occupied Floro harbor on the Norwegian coast. Before the surprised Germans could fire a shot, the Norwegians had sunk two large Nazi supply vessels anchored in the harbor.

This was not the first nor the largest raid ever made on the Nazis in Norway, but it was the first all-Norwegian raid and was a complete success.

Coming as it did, with all the other signs of Scandinavian resentment against the Germans, it was unusually significant. Significant also was the fact that 1,000 Norwegian ships had slipped out of Hitler's grasp and are in the service of the Allies.

To a man, the Norwegians are reported to be awaiting support from the Allies to help drive out the invader. Denmark, long under the economic domination of the Reich, is equally anxious to be freed of Nazi control.

These things give the Nazi High Command concern. The defense of the Norwegian coast line is a severe military responsibility. With Nazi reverses on all fighting fronts, it is doubtful if Hitler has the troops to defend the Scandinavian Peninsula against attack from the sea.

To ship sufficient troops into Norway would be a problem. Communications with Norway, and within the country itself, are poor. Germany would, in all probability, be forced to use Swedish railroads to get troops to the proper places in the quickest possible time. Such a move might very likely bring Sweden into the war on the side of the Allies.

That relations between Sweden and Germany are already strained was indicated when the Swedish Foreign Office announced that maps of Sweden and Norway, emphasizing in detail railroad transportation in the two countries, had been confiscated from a freight car bound across Sweden from Finland to Germany.

All goods in the car, as a result of the discovery, were removed by the Swedish authorities and an investigation ordered.

Finland likewise is uncertain protection for the Nazis on the northeast. With the Russians threatening Staraya Russa, last German stronghold in the Leningrad-Lake Ilmen region, the Nazi hold on the eastern Baltic coast line is seriously menaced. If Staraya Russa falls, the Germans would be forced to abandon the Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which would practically insure Finland's dropping out of the war.

In such an event Russia could move across northern Finland from Murmansk into Norway. Sweden's Baltic Fleet could be used against the Germans. Combined with a possible Allied sea invasion route aimed at Narvik, these moves would constitute a serious threat to Germany.

Allied air bases established in Norway would be disastrous for the Nazis, since the Baltic is far too narrow a body of water to be an obstacle to long range bombers.

As day-by-day reports from the Mediterranean area give Germany the invasion jitters, developments in the Baltic also help spell doom for the Axis in Europe.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2, Schnall. 3, U. S. Navy. 6, Sgt. Peter Paris. 7, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 8 and 9, George C. Twambly, CPM, USCG. 16, 20th Century-Fox. 17, center left, USCG; center right, Cpl. Ben Morrison. 20, INP. 21, left, Acme; right, INP. 23, USCG.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 45
APR. 30, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

First To Land, Last To Leave

CHANCES are you never heard of Doug Munro.

He was a modest guy and never did much talking. When he did talk, the words came haltingly. His neighbors in South Cle Elum, Wash., his home town, will tell you that the words were always sincere, simple and to the point.

On Sept. 27, 1942, the biggest day in his 22 years of life, Doug directed the rescue of an outfit of Yanks cut off by the Japs on a little island in the Solomons. It was one of the toughest jobs any American fighting man was ever called upon to do. After he finished it Doug, mortally wounded, spoke only four words:

"Did they get off?"

Later, his mother, Mrs. James Munro, received a letter from Lt. Comdr. D. H. Dexter, USCG, Doug's boss in the Solomons. This letter is something more than a tribute to the courage and self-sacrifice of one fighter for freedom. It becomes, as you read it, a kind of tribute to the Coast Guard itself. For Doug Munro, doing his job without any corny fanfare of trumpets, was doing what Coast Guardsmen have been doing for 153 years, both in war and in peace. Through Doug Munro, the Coast Guard had once more been "the first to land, and the last to leave."

Here is the letter:

"On Sunday the 27th of September an expedition was sent into an area where trouble was to be expected. Douglas was in charge of the 10 boats which took the men down.

"In the latter part of the afternoon, the situation had not developed as had been anticipated and in order to save the expedition it became necessary to send the boats back to evacuate the expedition. Volunteers were called for and true to the highest traditions of the Coast Guard, and also to traditions with which you had imbued your son, he was among the first to volunteer and was put in charge of the detail.

"The evacuation was as successful as could be hoped for under fire. But as always happens, the last men to leave the beach are the hardest pressed because they have been acting as the covering agents for the withdrawal of the other men, and your son, knowing this, so placed himself and his boats that he could act as the covering agent for the last men, and by his action and successful maneuvers brought back a far greater number of men than had been even hoped for.

"He received his wound just as the last men were getting in the boats and clearing the beach. Upon regaining consciousness, his only question was, 'Did they get off?' and so died with a smile on his face and the full knowledge that he had successfully accomplished a dangerous mission."

Donald the Buc

HERE is Donald Duck the Buccaneer, semi-official insignia of the Coast Guard Corsair Fleet. Created by Walt Disney, the design shows Donald on the deck of a wooden ship, wearing a patch over one eye, a dagger in his mouth, and pistols in his hands. Donald is on the lookout for Nazi or Jap subs. His ship is wooden because the Corsair Fleet uses wooden ships for U-boat patrol.

Purple Heart for Coast Guardsmen

For the first time in Coast Guard history members of that service have been awarded the Purple Heart. An Army decoration for 150 years, the Purple Heart was extended to the sea services last December. First Coast Guardsmen to get it were: Lloyd M. Morris CBM, Harold Wolf, Bos'n 2c, George Rhodes MaM2c, and Walter H. Pertle, Cox.

New Marriage Rules

The Navy Department has relaxed its restriction on marriage and now permits SPARS, WAVES and Women Marines, regardless of rank, to marry into any branch of the service they please. This puts them on equal basis with the WAACs. Thus a commissioned lady reservist can marry an enlisted man and still hold her rank.

Army Specialized Training News

Here's some important news for enlisted men who are getting into the Army Specialized Training Program, which has already started classes at Purdue, Rutgers and other universities and colleges. The program provides a basic course in such subjects as college mathematics, physics or chemistry, and an advanced course in more specialized fields.

The original plans called for each enlisted man to drop to the grade of private when he went to one of the ASTP schools, getting reduced without prejudice on the day he left his outfit. Well, YANK thought this didn't seem quite fair and dug into the matter in Washington. Now the rule has been modified and we have been assured that ASTP men assigned to the advanced training phase will hereafter remain in grade. Furthermore, those already assigned to the advanced course who have been reduced will be restored to grade without loss of seniority, although, unfortunately, they can't get back pay for the period of reduced rank. Men assigned to the training program and found disqualified will be sent back to their outfits in their original grade.

You can get more dope about ASTP by inquiry through channels to the commanding general of your service command or by asking your own CO.

SEMPER PARATUS

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

No Matter How You Slice It

"Saw me a nice 2-by-4 maple roast," is what Dutch housewives may be telling their butchers these days. After appropriating all meat stocks in Holland, the Gestapo has ordered Dutch butchers to display hams and steaks made of wood in their front shop windows. A booklet was sent with each edict, giving the proper color combinations to be used for decorating the various "meats."

It's Such a Big Ocean

The German radio consoles Japs on the walloping they got in the Bismarck Sea with the following explanation: "As the Bismarck Sea is a very small body of water compared to the wide expanses of the Pacific, it is obvious that the Japanese have only lost a slight amount of sea control, as they still have the rest of the Pacific to operate in." The Nazis didn't say what the Nips were going to operate with.

Sermon on the Mount

German Kultur has shown the world something new in the teaching of religion, as indicated by this excerpt from the latest Children's Primer on New Order Principles: "The teaching of mercy and love of one's neighbor is foreign to the German race, and the Sermon on the Mount, according to Nordic sentiments, is an ethic for cowards and idiots."

Prophetic Statement

Prophetic statement by the Fascist news commentator Impertinax while discussing the war in Africa: "Who can doubt that the great majority of people in North Africa are against the war? Numbers may not count for much, but sooner or later, when the masses of the people become aroused, no dictatorship can last."

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Nassau: Cpl. David B. Fold, MP.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

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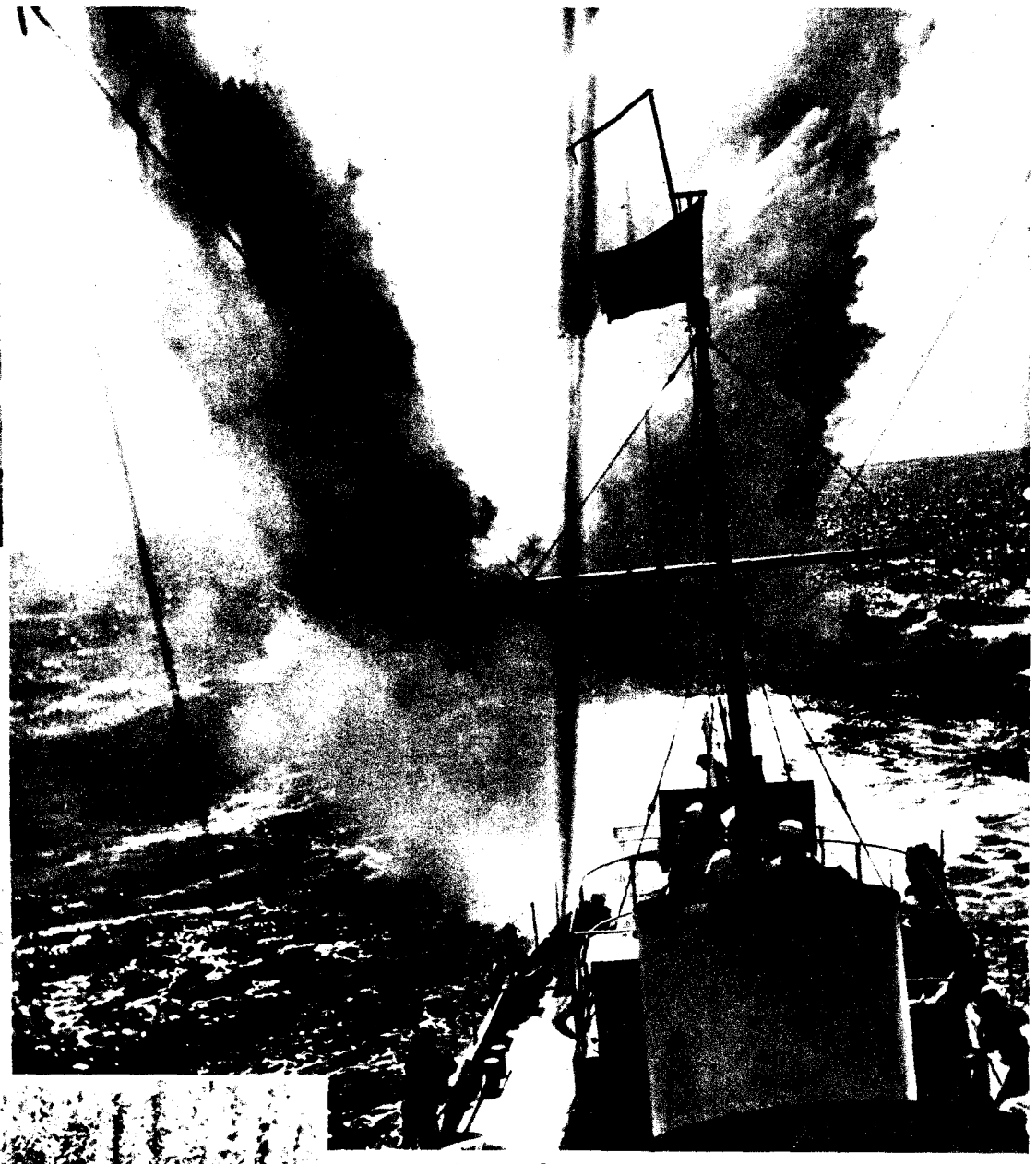
EVENING PATROLS. Beach patrolmen, mounted or on foot with trained dogs, guard the long coast lines.

JEEP PATROL. Yes, they use them in the Coast Guard, too. This one helps guard a Florida patrol base.

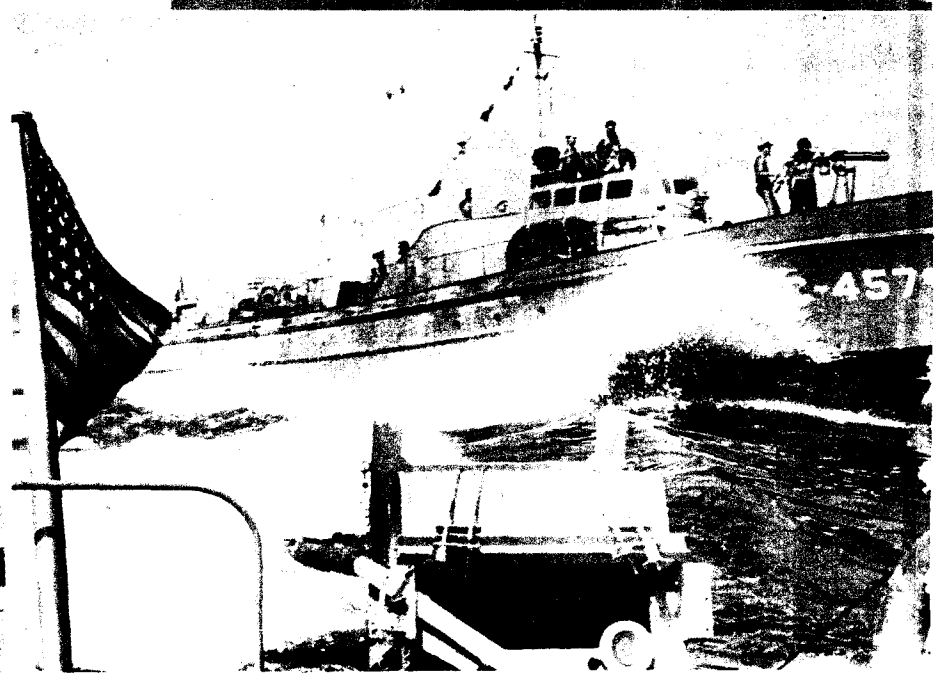


DEPTH CHARGE. A sub chaser has thrown off an ash which explodes thunderously, perhaps destroying an enemy

WINTER RESCUE. With a sled they made on the spot, Coast Guardsmen haul out one of the injured in a plane crash in Alaska.

THE COAST GUARD

BOSTON LIGHT. In addition to its other duties, the Coast Guard maintains hundreds of lighthouses like this one off Boston, Mass.



SUB CHASER. Hundreds of these 83-foot cutters are operating succ fully against subs. Fast and well armed, they are poor targets for the ene

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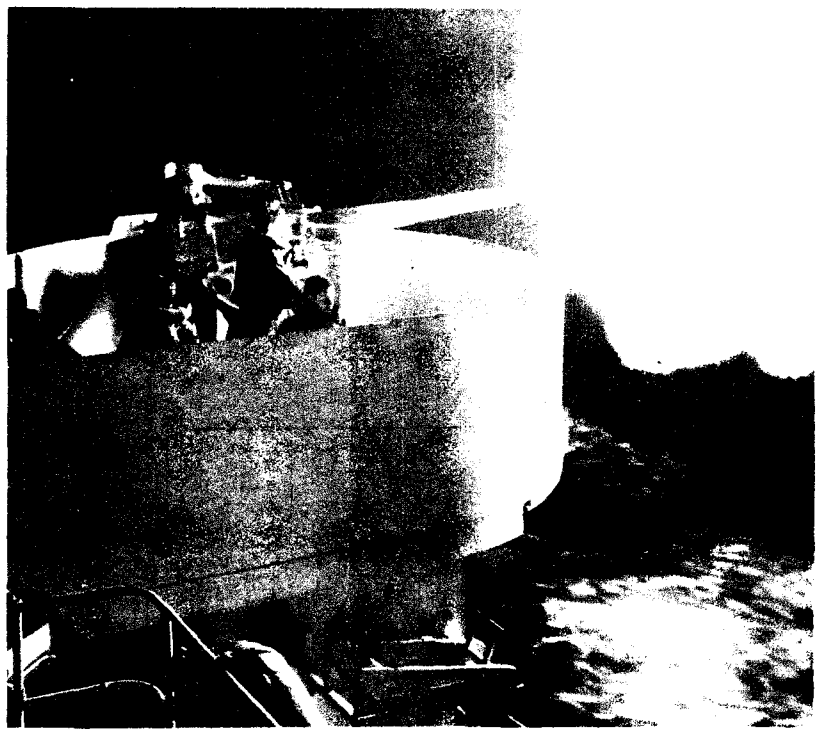
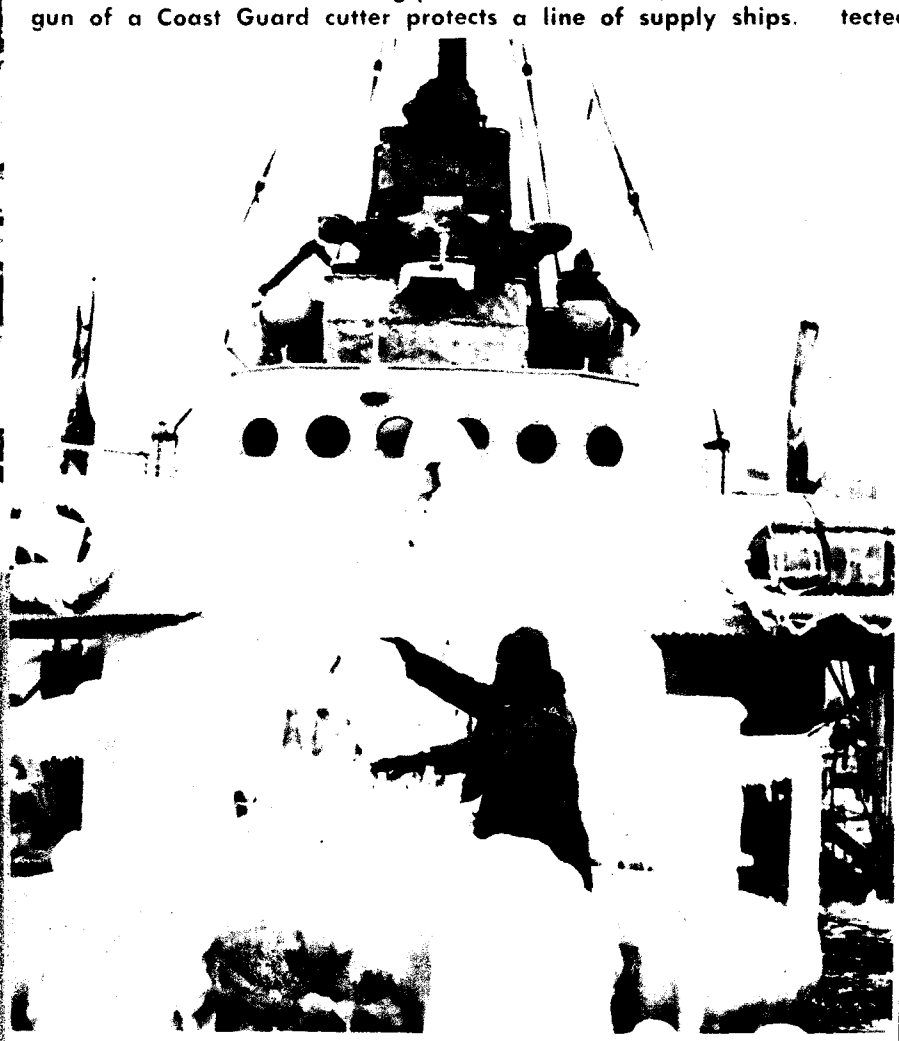


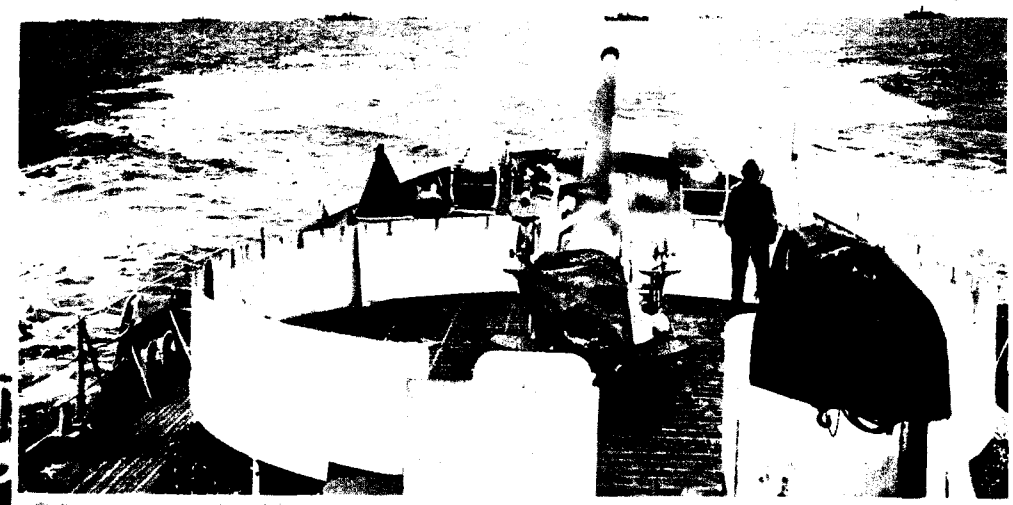
Firing point-blank at a sub, this 3-inch gun of a Coast Guard cutter protects a line of supply ships.

Seaman is protected against cold, but hot coffee is welcome.

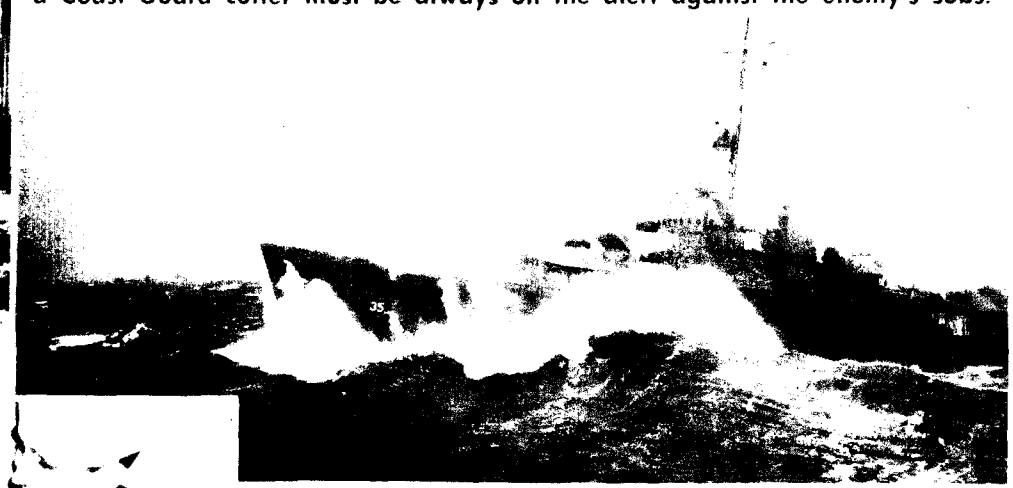
Coast Guard planes fly over an outbound convoy.



ICE UP. On a cutter protecting a far northern shipping lane, a seaman starts to clear the foredeck gun of ice formed during the night.

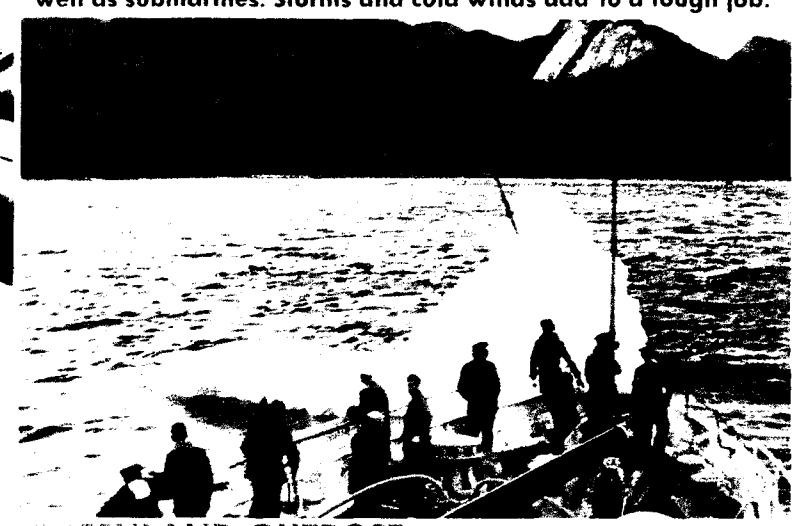


Guarding vital war cargoes night and day, the crew of a Coast Guard cutter must be always on the alert against the enemy's subs.



STORMY SEAS. Cutters have to fight the weather as well as submarines. Storms and cold winds add to a tough job.

FAIR EXCHANGE. In San Francisco, SPARS report to relieve their male counterparts from shore duty. Result: two more fighting men are now able to go to the wars.



GREENLAND OUTPOST. The Coast Guard's work carries it to Greenland (above) and other far-flung coasts.

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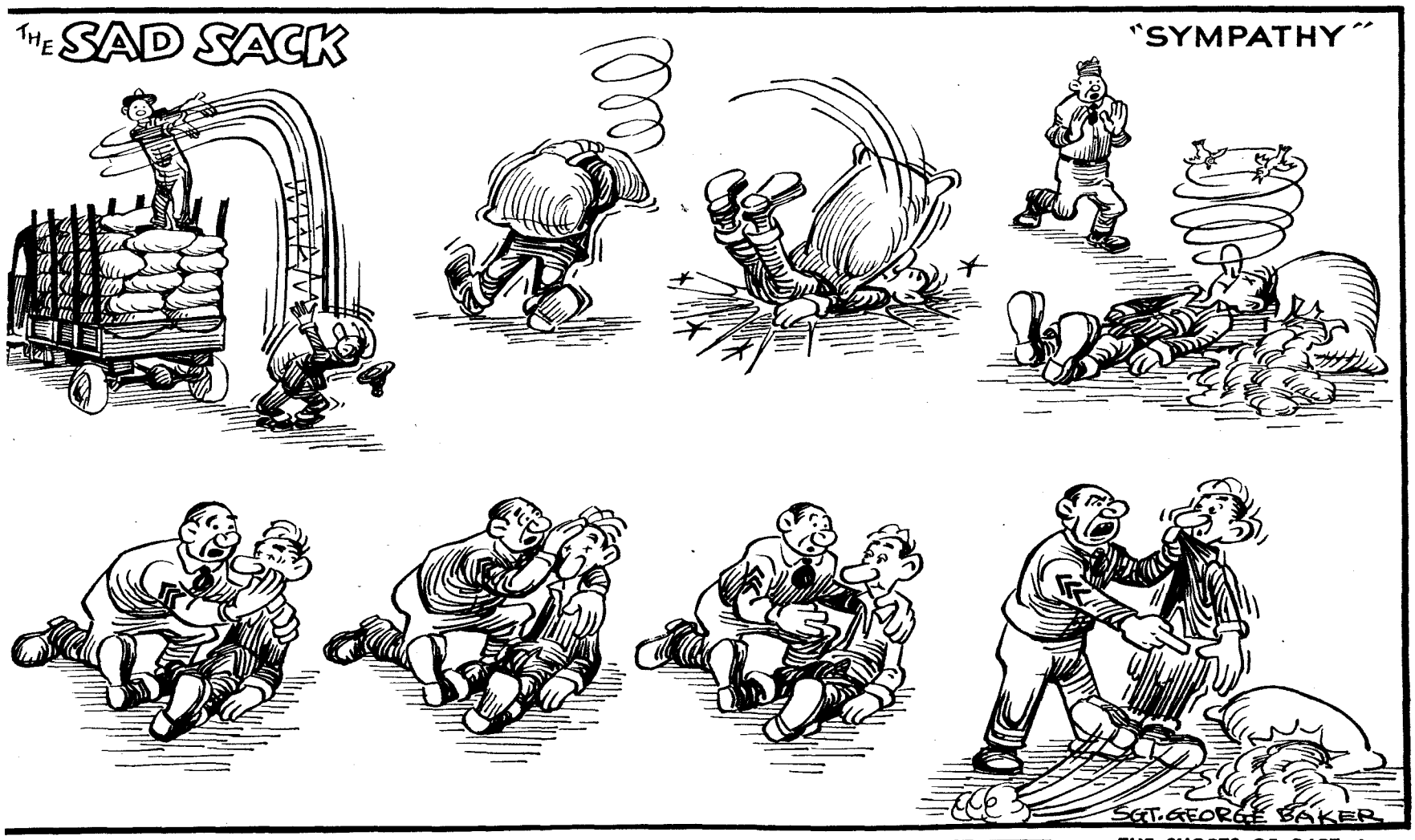


FROM MANTOLOKING TO MANHATTAN

A homing pigeon arrived at the Manhattan Beach (N. Y.) Coast Guard Station with this note on his leg: "To whom it may concern: Hoping to find this pigeon in the best of health as we took good care of him when he flew in our tower window February 25, 1943. If you receive this note please let us know by writing to 'The Boys of the Mantoloking (N. J.) Coast Guard Station.'"

Pursuant to your reference to the
bird's leg appended,
We hereby answer you in ode and
trust you're not offended.
On Friday morning, March the fifth,
a morning cold and dreary,
A signalman upon our bridge found
a bird, tired and weary.
The bird then was immediately
brought to a bird-fancier mate
To help determine the point to
which this bird would navigate.
Identification it bore not like carrier
pigeons carry;
It was a homing bird, he said, that
from his loft did tarry.

Nothing else was there to do. The
bird was properly fed
And then released and eagerly
watched as into the blue it sped.
Where it lands we do not know, but
one thing we can say—
The boys of Mantoloking did their
good deed for the day;
Be it small or be it great, it was
true to our tradition;
The Coast Guard always renders aid
with true determination.
Thus this bird, be where it may . . .
Greeting I'm extending
From shipmates of Manhattan Beach
to those of Mantoloking.

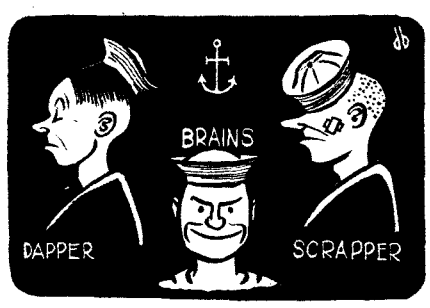
—JOHN K. SYNOVEC
U. S. Coast Guard

IN TIME OF WAR

In time of war a man finds out about
himself. Or does he?
If he doesn't want to fight, he's
surely a coward. Or is he?
His greatest energies are called
upon to do their best. Or are they?
His civil life is put behind him. Or
is it?
He can prove he's got the stuff to do
a big job. Or can he?
He will learn to take orders without question. Or will he?
He discovers that his comrades
should be treated as his brothers.
Or should they?

He gets used to answering calls of
nature in multi-populated latrines. Or does he?
He might take up religion after being an atheist for years. Or might
he?
He learns to eat slum and beans
and like it. Or does he?
His ideals become great, as his aim
is noble. Or do they?
Under stress of war his latent abilities are brought to light. Or are
they?
He begins to drink, gamble and fight
at the slightest provocation. Or
does he?
He misses most of all the companionship of women. He sure does!

—B. J. TALKIN S2c
USCG Base, San Juan, Puerto Rico



THE WAY YOU WEAR IT

When worn by a gob
On the back of his knob
It means that he thinks he's dapper.

While down on the eye
Means the tar is a guy
Who likes to believe he's a scrapper.

On the back of his dome
It means "nobody's home"
And the wearer's a boot or a rookie.

But when worn square and straight
It means brains in the pate
Be the wearer a vet or a rookie!

—Author Unknown
3d Naval District

THE CHIEF'S LAST GOOD-BYE

An old chief lay on a bed of pain;
All hope had passed, his life ebbed
fast,
Oh ne'er would he rise again.
"Have you no gal so fair and true,"
They whispered over his bed,
"To whom you would tell a last
adieu?"
The old chief softly said,
"There's Betty back in Bremerton,
Juanita in Mexico,
There's Sally in Seattle town
And Beatrix in Bordeaux.
At Hampton Roads there's Harriet,
Whom I must surely see,
And Nellie too at Newport News;
Please bring them back to me."

The death watchers stared in wild
surprise
And then they said once more,
"Come tell us pray, without delay
The girl that you adore,
The girl to whom you have sworn to
love
And bring both wealth and fame,
To whom you have promised your
life and hope,
Quick, chief, tell us her name!"

"There's Lilly at Long Beach," he
said,
"And Daisy dear at Diego;
There's Lucy in Los Angeles
And Pauline in San Pedro,
Barbara dear in Brooklyn,
And Susie in St. Paul."
The old Chief sighed, "It's time I
died;
I've sworn to wed them all!"

—From U. S. Submarine Base
New London, Conn.

JEEP

What is a jeep?
A functional flivver,
Which ridden too wildly
Plays hell with your liver.

—Cpl. WILLIAM H. COLE
Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.

THE SHORTS OF CAPT. L.

We have been in situations that
would make the bravest flee,
We have known the many dangers
of the man who goes to sea,
But of all the sea's vast horrors,
there is none that leaves us—well,
More ready for a keeper than the
shorts of Capt. L.
We would rather face torpedoes
than to face this gruesome sight,
Which has often waked us screaming in the middle of the night;
More ghastly view, it is our vow, no
mortal ever saw,
And although they're not, they
should be banned by international law.

Yes, we know they're patriotic and
will save much needed cloth,
For they're cut so brief they wouldn't
feed a wan dyspeptic moth,
But although they may be wonderful
to brave the tropic breeze,
We are sure they weren't intended
for a pair of knobby knees.
They are covered o'er with rust spots
—'tis said they once were bright,
But now we fear they could be
classed as anything but white.
And when the captain wears them,
'though we never make complaint,
We would think he'd be embarrassed
by the places where they ain't.

If worn by bathing beauties we
would have no cause for grief,
For they contain the goods to make
just one small handkerchief,
But when the captain puts them on,
and then declares he's dressed,
Instead of sighs of rapture we give
sighs of vast protest.
Now seamen all are wicked and we
haven't lived so well,
We know that when on earth we're
done we're sure to end in hell,
We will try to face the torments that
we find in Satan's ports,
But God grant that we're not tortured by the sight of L. in shorts.

—LEONARD F. JOSLYN
U. S. Merchant Marine Radio Officer

A LA CARTE

Wild-eyed unconservative rookies
Insist on tarts with their mama's
cookies.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Scott Field, Ill.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Morrissey *Zink* *Seale*

One week after **Frances Morrissey S2c** got married, her husband was shipped out to the S. Pacific. His name is Richard M. Morrissey S1c. "I miss you terribly," she tells him. "I wish you could come back for our first anniversary." . . . **James D. Zink MoM2c** has a message for Capt. Frank, a mess officer who joined Zink's ship in Scotland: "The chow you gave us was tops. We never had better until you came on board." . . . **Thomas F. Seale MM1c,** just back from Tulagi, is anxious to get news from his brother Virgil Seale with the engineers in N. Africa. "I've heard from you only twice in six months. Please write. Mother wants a letter too."

Woods *Postawko* *Majors*

Frieda M. Woods S2c hopes Lt. Ralph Cassedy, who is overseas now, will remember her when he sees this picture. They met one afternoon at the Owens Illinois Glass Co., where Frieda worked before she joined the SPARS. . . . **Leo V. Postawko CSK** sends this to Pfc. Edward Kasperski, with the Army in Casablanca: "I was out with Irene a couple of times. She's terrific—congratulations." . . . **John C. Majors Y3c,** stationed in New York, sends this message to Sgt. Robert Homes with the Army Air Force in Australia: "Do you remember when we took the district in 1936." Majors is referring to a track meet at Decatur, Ill., not a political victory.

Bauman *Belsky* *Wolf*

Leonard Bauman SK3c sends this message to Pvt. Herman Fassberg in England: "Sorry you can't be here for your sister's wedding. Sorry I'm not the guy." . . . **Thomas Belsky CSK,** just returned from Scotland, tells S/Sgt. Ed Cosmos with the Air Force overseas: "The Bayonne gang has been drafted. Only Baker is left and he'll go into the Air Force soon. The family sends best regards." . . . **Howard Wolf BM2c** reports on changed conditions in the home town of Pfc. George Frasch, now in Africa: "Two Rivers [Wis.] is cleaned out. The town's dead; so is the Waverly bar. Maybe we can bring it back to life after the war."

Lusthaus *Dill* *Burke*

Julius Lusthaus SK1c, has incredible news for Cpl. Bud Pantler in the Medical Corps, N. Africa: "Pop has taken me to lunch again. That's the second time in 15 years." . . . **Albert N. Dill CSK,** back from Scotland, is trying to reach Cpl. Herman H. Kalvin, an Air Force photographer somewhere in India. "I got your letter three months ago, but now I've lost your address. Please write me: Coast Guard Pay Office, 42 Broadway, N. Y. C." . . . **William B. Burke CSK,** Hotel Empire, 63d and Broadway, N. Y. C., wants to hear from John D. King Y1c, Ceylon; Cpl. Hugh Walsh, N. Africa; Cpl. James Grady, Australia.

Sgts. Bob West and Fred Weintritt received T/3 Si Wachsberger's message in *Words Across the Sea* and want him to know their address is: Det. Med. Dept., 41 Gen. Hosp., APO 869, PM, N. Y. . . . **Pvt. Paul A. Wing,**, 91st Obs. Sq. AAF, Godman Field, Fort Knox, Ky., wants ex-members of his squadron who are now overseas to write him. . . . **Sgts. Ed Maynard, Fritz Marcean, Ed Baker** and **Mike Hogan,** formerly at Camp Shelby, Miss., and now in the S. Pacific, are asked to get in touch with **2d Lt. Louis E. Lawrence,** Co. B, 378th Inf., APO 95, Fort Sam Houston, Tex. . . . **Pvt. George W. Volk** wants to obtain the shoulder patch worn by U. S. troops in China. Barter with him at 46th Supply Sq., Bks. 1460, Robins Field, Ga. . . . **Sgt. Howard O. Brewer,** Co. I, 505th Para. Inf., APO 469, 82d A/B Div., Fort Bragg, N. C., was surprised to see a story about his friend, **Sgt. Bill Rowe,** in YANK March 12. Brewer promises Rowe, stationed in India, some news from his old company if he sends his address. . . . **Pvt. Walter Biri,** Med. Det., 145th Inf., APO 829, PM, New Orleans, La., wants **Pvt. Al La Rosa** to write. . . . Will **Pfc. William Anders'** brother **Dick** get in touch with him at Hq. Co., APO 834, PM, New Orleans, La.? **T/3 Eugene M. (Slim) Abram, Sgt. Victor Tampone, Pfc. Irving Paskoff** and associates, 826th Sig. Serv. Co., APO 860, N. Y., want to hear from members of the Sig. Photo Co. they trained with at Fort Benning, Ga. . . . **Paul Woodland PhM3c** wants to hear from **Pvt. Wayne Allen,** last heard of when he was at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please notify Woodland at Med. Dept. NTS, Bainbridge, Md. . . . **S/Sgt. Lyle W. Conover,** Hq., SBS, APO 519, PM, N. Y., wants to locate **Jerome Joiner** of Smyrna, Ga., a former member of the 131st Engrs., Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . "Write more often," **O/C David Geller,** 5th Co., OCS Regt., TD Sch., Camp Hood, Tex., tells his kid brother **Cpl. Leonard Geller,** who left for England 10 months ago. . . . **Lt. James E. Hosch,** 518 W. 4th St., Bonham, Tex., saw **T/Sgt. Charles A. Lowery's** picture in *Words Across the Sea* and wants him to write. . . . **1st Sgt. Carl S. Conlon,** 1055th MP Co., APO 3659, PM, N. Y., wants to find **2d Lt. Conlon** who was at Lakeland, Fla., and now is a pilot with a Medium Bombardment group.

Dear YANK:

Here's the girl who was chosen sweetheart of the U. S. Coast Guard Training Station at Manhattan Beach. Her name is Cindy Matthewson, and we're proud of her—so proud, in fact, that we are willing to stack her up against all comers. Has the collective personnel of any Coast Guard station—or Navy or Army, for that matter—got a better looking girl than Cindy? We bet they haven't, but we're willing to consider competitors pictured on the pages of YANK.

—**CHARLES REICHE PM2c**

U. S. Coast Guard Training Station, Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

Dear YANK:

My reason for joining the Coast Guard is a rather hazy one, affected by circumstances. The recruiting officer told me I could see action sooner in the Coast Guard than in any of the other services. The period of training is short, consisting of four weeks, sometimes followed by immediate sea duty. I know of one shipmate who enlisted in the Coast Guard last April. After four weeks training he was shipped on a transport in Norfolk and was on it when the Allied invasion fleet landed in North Africa last October. The Coast Guard is a fighting unit. Ask any man who has seen the Coast Guard in action.

—**BERTRAM ROVICS SK2c**

U. S. Coast Guard Training Station, Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

Dear YANK:

I have been buying YANK at the PX and I think it is really swell. I have shown it to a number of the boys here and they all like it, except of course for the fact that you do not have a Coast Guard correspondent. We realize that YANK is an Army publication, but you have all branches of the service except the Coast Guard represented. We are very proud of our branch of the armed forces. We are comparatively small in numbers, but we are doing our share overseas as well as at home, whether it is widely known or not. When the big push gets under way, you can bet your bottom dollar that the Coast Guard will be in there pitching with the rest of you.

—**H. W. CORSON SK2c**

USCGR, Miami, Fla.

Dear YANK:

Somewhere in Africa, four boys from scattered parts in the States have organized the "Long Snorters." A follow-up of the "Short Snorters," this group is for the less fortunate cuss who sweats out a long sea voyage unlike the "Short Snorter" who flew across in a few hours. To join you must have been 20 days or more at sea, and be the possessor of a $2 bill, the latter hard to find with the absence of Hialeah, Hawthorne, Churchill Downs and similar betting spots in Africa. There is no initial fee to join, but if a member is caught without his "Long Snorter bill" he must buy drinks for all other "Long Snorters" present. The four charter members are Sgt. Mike D'Allesandro from South Philadelphia; Cpl. John Lucas from Dubuque, Iowa; Pfc. Chuck Buchner from LaPorte, Ind., and Pvt. Ernest (Tex) Justice from Farwell, Texas. The boys are inviting anyone with a $2 bill and 20 days or more at sea to join.

—**Pfc. CHARLES BUCHNER**

Africa

Dear YANK:

We really enjoy most articles in the YANK, but the one about the low-down on the ivories is strictly unpatriotic to dice hustlers. Please send Mr. Scarne home. He is ruining our business.

—**Cpl. ALLEN JOHNSON**
Cpl. URBAN WATKINS

Dear YANK:

I have just finished reading your article on "Crap Shooting in the Army" and personally think it is one of the best contributions that has been made on behalf of the American soldier. It used to be no trouble for the fellows to get up a game, but your article sort of hit the boys between the eyes and woke them up. An example of how careful they are getting: A fellow tried to drum up a little game, but after the gang got through examining about 14 sets of dice they lost all interest.

—**Cpl. JOE HUTTON**

Governors Island, N. Y.

DEAR YANK:

The fact that we use pounds and shillings over here doesn't impair our gambling games a bit—as now we bet £10 notes like we formerly bet $10 bills. Of course £10 is practically $32 but what of it! We're out in the "bush" country and are reminded of it by daily forays made against our supplies by dingoes. These dingoes, which in reality are not much more than wild dogs but lack brains, are a damned nuisance. Some of the lizards here have large frills which, when raised about their heads give them a rather weird appearance similar to the first sergeant's expression when you are late for reveille. Candies and sweets from home are as eagerly desired by the ants as they are by us. There are big ants, little ants, brown, black, white, red, yellow and freckled ants.

—**S/Sgt. JOHN M. PERZ**

Australia.

Dear YANK:

I go to the PX every time a supply ship comes here and buy all the issues of YANK. It's the best Army magazine a dogface can read. My hut wall is full of Jane Russell's photos from the YANK. We at this base heard so much about zoot suits that the boys decided to dress me up in one (*see photo*). The gold chain is an old brass turning. The rest is a fatigue suit. On the right is Frank Everden.

—**Pfc. EDWIN S. COOKE**

South Pacific

Dear YANK:

Your cartoons are excellent, and your news items are intensely interesting and highly stimulating. YANK is "tops" among the soldiers of our outfit. You are doing remarkable work in a very efficient way. Keep the ball rolling and more power to the editor.

—**Cpl. T. C. SIZEMORE**
For the Chaplain

Fort George G. Meade, Md.

Dear YANK:

Cpl. Fadie Hunter was cleaning a fish on the bank of a river on the Alcan Highway, and another fish jumped out of the water and grabbed the fish in his hand. So he caught the second fish without a hook. Cpl. Red Guerria and Cpl. Hunter swear this story is true.

—**Cpl. LLOYD ROBINSON**

Alcan Highway

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WHEN the eminent sax virtuoso and stickman, Dick Stabile, enlisted in the Coast Guard early last December, the first thing he did after being duly processed was to get a GI haircut.

Dick Stabile

"Nobody's gonna call me a long hair any longer," he said decisively.

The ex-Ben Bernie star obviously meant business, because today up and down the Eastern Seaboard, wherever hep sandpounders gather to dig the jive, the band that gives them their solid kicks is the all-star Coast Guard crew fronted by Chief Petty Officer Stabile.

Devotees of the riff and the rifferoo may be hard put to it to picture Chief Stabile, a brilliant technician and tonal artist, fronting an out-of-this-world organization that rocks in the hottest traditions. But that's exactly what he's doing, and if you glance over his line-up you'll see why. Here's part of it:

Barney Zudekoff, trumpet (Will Bradley, Red Norvo); **Ray Hopfner**, alto sax (Charlie Barnett, Woody Herman); **Johnny Smith**, tenor sax (Frankie Masters, Red Norvo); **Sheldon Manne**, drums (Bobby Byrne, Benny Goodman, Les Brown, Raymond Scott); **Sol Tepper**, alto sax (Eddie Duchin); **Clare Grundman**, tenor sax (Mark Warnow); **Paul Gilemore**, trombone (Clyde Lucas); **Bernie Savodnick**, trumpet (Radio City Music Hall, CBS); **Dick Neumann**, bass (Vincent Lopez); **Angie Rattiner**, trumpet (NBC staff artist); and **Jesse Ralph**, trombone (Richard Himber).

Lew Brown, who handles all keyboard assignments with competent abandon, is the only member of the present CG crew to have played under Stabile before.

The Music They Want

According to the chief, the current popularity of his band with Coast Guardsmen is no mere product of chance. Shortly after his induction, Stabile conducted a series of polls among his fellow boots to determine just what they liked in music. Later, he extended these polls to include dogfaces from all stations. Here's what he says the men want:

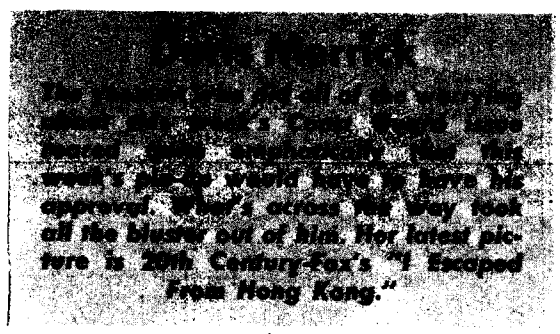
"Ninety percent of the guys polled said they wanted their jazz straight, in the groove. The remaining 10 percent are strictly long hairs. Of the 90 percent who like jazz, about 70 percent like it any way they can get it, just so it's solid. The others like it sweet, with plenty of rhumbas thrown in for good measure."

Chief Stabile, who can play an octave and a half higher than the normal saxophone range (he takes the f above the horn's last tone, and the c above that), regards his job seriously.

"It's my contention," he says, "that music can play a damned important part in this war, is doing it already. When a guy is weary and let-down, nothing can build him up again like a solid beat and a good tune.

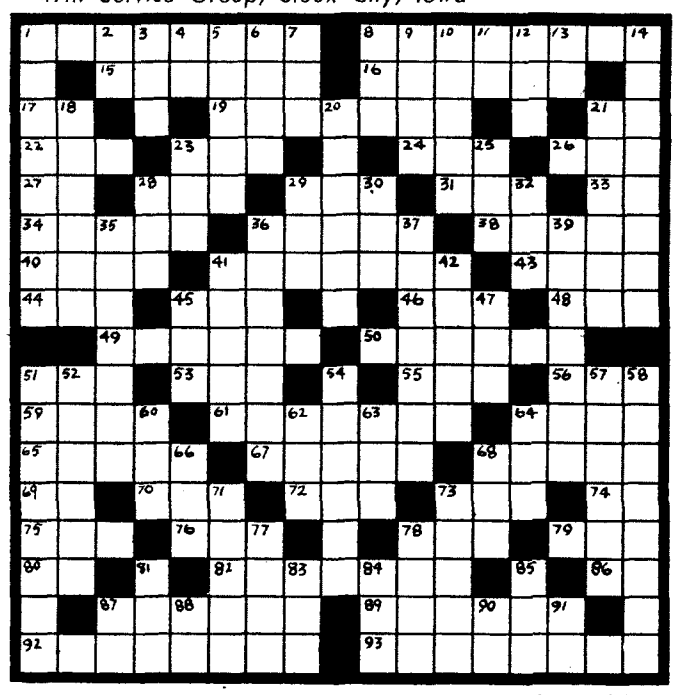
"And as long as Coast Guardsmen want it hot, they're going to get it that way, riffs and all."

The chief got a haircut all right.



GI CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Cpl. J. J. GAYER
49th Service Group, Sioux City, Iowa



HORIZONTAL

1. A fifth grade soldier
8. You'll find at least two in every company
15. It's a bird
16. Sailors in the black gang
17. You dropped this title when you came in (abbr.)
19. Bureau of military misinformation
21. This begins to look black
22. Military gents—as differentiated from officers
23. Feminine pronoun
24. An energetic unit
26. Big shot that failed to make good
27. Cockney concomitant of heggs
28. Breakfast food a la militaire (abbr.)
29. Electrical unit (abbr.)
31. Sailor
33. Government Issue (abbr.)
34. Highly exalted
36. Hello Hawaii
38. Infantryman's best friend
40. Heavy wagon
41. Best country on earth (you get only one guess on this)
43. My favorite beverage
44. You'll need another one if you want a row
45. This is often on a bust (abbr.)
46. Three-fifths of a cigar
48. Medicos (abbr.)
49. Cyclone with an inferiority complex
50. Sedate
51. Greek letter
53. Tough And Ornery (abbr.)
55. Low dive—keep out of it, soldier
56. A sheepish gentleman
59. That Cooper boy
61. Tangled
64. That's my story
65. Egg shaped
67. Rapidity
68. Pipes down
69. Engineer Element (abbr.)
70. Gave Fanny a rest
72. —, you're it
73. Russian river
74. Ornamented Shingle (abbr
75. The sign of a good show (abbr.)
76. Jawbone
78. Soldier's foot
79. Charlie McCarthy's favorite wood
80. The Nerts (abbr.)
82. Musical instrument
86. The outskirts of Tacoma
87. Sharp answer
89. What the Nazis got in Russia
92. Lose these and you are really busted
93. Adios

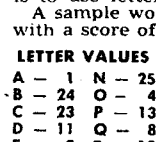
VERTICAL

1. Rough and ready raider
2. Room Orderly (abbr.)
3. Snoop
4. Ohio Infantry (abbr.)
5. Actors' favorite food
6. Winglike
7. Allow
8. Hawaiian chow
9. Combat troops
10. Watchful
11. Tough Engineers (abbr.)
12. Metalliferous rock
13. Contents of Mussolini's head
14. Readers of YANK—aw sure, sailors and marines read it too
18. A fish
20. Unfounded reports (these generally emanate from Horizontal 19)
21. Windjammer
23. Garden implement
25. Streamlined fish—and it ain't e-e-l
28. Sneaky
29. Beverage—and do I go for it
30. Greek letter
32. Adam's gift to women
35. Old Miz Frietche
36. Double-breasted warriors
37. Complied
39. A Damyankee Civil War Soldier
41. Regions
42. Pointed
45. Wager
47. Shootin' iron
51. Stripe happy
52. Filling station
54. Sets 'em up
57. Nearly
58. Chow emporium
60. YANK's the Sheet! (abbr.)
62. Appropriate
63. One of the soldier's main supports
64. Solar rouge
66. Soldiers don't do this—they chow
68. Each of us is an important one in a heluva big machine
71. Out of bounds
73. Giver
77. Equine garage
78. Girl's name—she's sweet but dumb
81. Revolution (abbr.)
83. Thoroughfare (abbr.)
84. If you're this, you're not on
85. Not many
87. Royal Engineers (abbr.)
88. Initials of former President
90. Zeros Erased (abbr.)
91. Nazis Extinguished (abbr.)

(Solution on page 22.)

TEE-TOTAL

PRIZES are given to the GIs who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each competition. If you haven't taken a whack at this word game, try it now. It's easy—and you may win one of YANK's Puzzle Kits containing a super-dooper collection of tricks, puzzles and games.

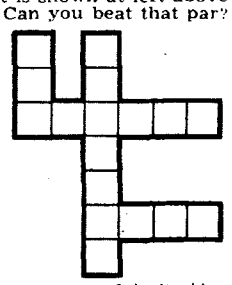


Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with four good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the individual scores of the 17 letters used, giving each letter a numerical value as shown on the chart. The idea is to use letters of high value.

A sample workout is shown at left above with a score of 208. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	1	N	25
B	24	O	4
C	23	P	13
D	11	Q	8
E	2	R	12
F	22	S	14
G	21	T	16
H	20	U	5
I	3	V	9
J	7	W	15
K	10	X	6
L	19	Y	17
M	18	Z	26



Score ..... Submitted by:

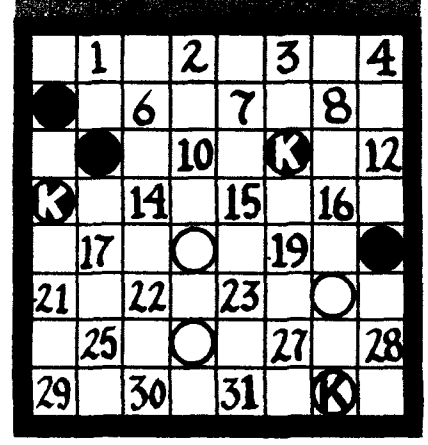
.....

.....

.....

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. within two weeks of the date of this issue for entries from the U. S., and two months for entries from overseas. [4/30]

CHECK STRATEGY



WHITE TO WIN

The score stands 5 against 4, favor the Blacks. Furthermore, Black has two kings to White's one king.

Yet White, in 4 *forced* moves, can establish a clean-cut draw. How to do it is your problem.

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown. This will enable you to follow out notation of the drawing moves.

COMPANY STREET

ANCESTORS. Pvt. George Washington, AAF Training Center, **Atlantic City**, N. J., grandnephew six times removed of the Army's first general. . . . S/Sgt. William Stanley Kosciusko, **Camp Pickett**, Va., grandson six times removed of the Polish general who fought under Washington. Said Sgt. Kosciusko in a special broadcast to the people of occupied Poland, "We are pledged to bring to Poland the liberty my ancestor helped America win in 1776." . . . Pfc. John Quincy Adams, direct lineal descendant of our second and sixth Presidents, pulls KP at **Scott Field**, Ill. . . . WAVE Edith Kingdon Gould, great-granddaughter of finance wizard Jay Gould, graduated from the Naval Communications School at **Madison**, Wis., is now radioman third class.

GI BABIES. At **Fort Sill**, Okla., Bonita Louise Quinn; parents, Pvt. and Mrs. Frank E. Quinn; godfather, M/Sgt. Jos. L. Kozik; godmother, WAAC Sara Cox. . . . At **Fort Riley**, Kans., Carolee Susan Morrison, 6-month-old daughter of Cpl. and Mrs. Ben D. Morrison, and a reader of YANK *(see photo below)*.

Carolee Susan Morrison and YANK.

ORDERS. Pvt. Dewey Curtis, on guard duty at Army headquarters somewhere in England, barred an officer because his name was not on an approved list. The officer was Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews, CO of the American forces in the ETO. After being okayed by the sergeant of the guard, Gen. Andrews praised Curtis for "strict obedience to orders." . . . The scene was an empty hospital corridor at the **Nashville** (Tenn.) Army Air Center, where Pvt. Ken Lowman was bidding his newlywed wife a fond farewell. An officer zooming around the corner bumped into the embracing couple. Pvt. Lowman snapped to attention, his wife blushed. "As you were," barked the officer, and proceeded on his way. The Lowmans obeyed. . . . Pvt. Jake Warther Jr., **Laurinberg-Maxton** (N. C.) Army Air Base, overslept one morning, and was ordered by his first sergeant to have breakfast in bed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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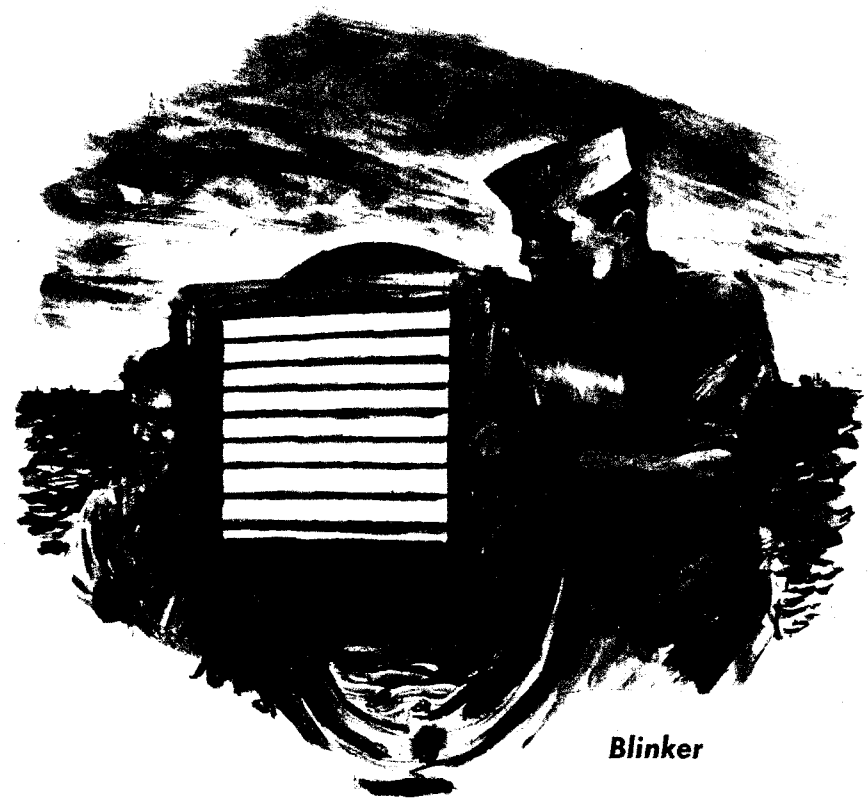
Log of DUTY

CHIEF SPECIALIST JOHN J. FLOHERTY JR. joined the Coast Guard in December 1942, took his boot training at the Manhattan Beach Coast Guard Training Station, and was immediately ordered out to sea to prepare a portfolio of sketches of Coast Guard men in action areas. These drawings were made by Chief Flaherty on a 165-foot patrol cutter on duty in the convoy routes of the Atlantic.



Blinker

Depth Charge

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Three-Incher

Close Shave

General Quarters

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NEWS from Home

ARKANSAS
At Little Rock, a Rock Island engineer was killed and 25 persons were hurt when two trains, one loaded with soldiers, collided. At Stamps, Jewell Eddy and his two sons, Dale and Coy, were drowned in Lake June. At Hot Springs, Mayor McLaughlin began his ninth term. Murder charges were filed at Calico Rock against Mrs. Armanda Durant and her 21-year-old daughter Mary in the slaying of the former's husband. At Benton, Gordon Bray was crushed to death in a mine.

CALIFORNIA
A Western Pacific freight was derailed by a rockslide at San Francisco. The State Assembly has repealed the three-day marriage waiting clause. State officials considered closing beaches near the Hyperion sewer at El Segundo. At East Los Angeles, Benjamin Stern, a grocer, was fined $100 for short-weighing penny candy sold to kids. At Los Angeles, bandits held up a card party in the Sigmund Shinglman home and got $3,030.

CONNECTICUT
George Berga, escaped convict, was captured at Stamford after holding two persons at bay with a butcher knife. At Rockville, Dr. Jacob Shapera, dentist, found guilty of placing bombs in the car of Robert J. Pigeon, city court prosecutor, was ordered into the Army by May 15. Records reveal 250,000 outside residents in Connecticut war jobs.

DELAWARE
Mayor Culver became Delmar's first new chief executive in 14 years, succeeding Roy Lockerman, who did not seek reelection. Frost severely damaged state peach and apple crops. Milford police picked up two jewelry thieves two hours after a robbery. The Delaware Hospital Training School for Nurses graduated 39 nurses.

Strong winds caused ice instead of snow drifts at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., blowing great blocks up against cottages and causing much damage.

In San Francisco, Mrs. Thomas Sullivan christens the new destroyer "The Sullivans," named for her five sailor sons who were lost in action.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
T. Perry Lippitt, 26-year-old Supreme Court crier, asked draft deferment as "a key man." Construction of a sidewalk along the west side of the Baltimore Boulevard from Queens Chapel Road to Knox Road in College Park will start soon. Measles cases were up 60 percent.

FLORIDA
Construction of the Florida Barge Canal was halted pending debate in Washington over appropriation of funds. The Miami city planning board considered a resolution to allow chicken raising within the city. At Orlando, the courthouse will be repaired, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce will plant a garden on its lawn. At Miami Beach, Murray Goldberg was charged with the theft of $3,000 worth of liquor from the Whitman Hotel, now leased by the Army.

GEORGIA
An Atlanta vice drive led to the revocation of seven restaurant licenses and trial of 15 bell hops. Atlanta police sought Odie V. Fluker, escaped convict, in the theft of $40,000 in securities; W. B. Stroup, a textile worker, was held for the abduction of a 12-year-old girl; Roy Rice caught two fugitives who had stolen pistols from two city detectives.

ILLINOIS
Chicago's Mayor Kelly was reelected for a third term. Restaurants in Illinois began meatless days. Mrs. Mary Gurski became Chicago's first feminine "white wing." In Rock Island and Henderson Counties, game officials arrested 12 men for shooting ducks; the meat shortage was blamed. Rockford County dairy farmers asked for conscientious objectors to relieve the dairy-labor shortage. Sportsmen opposed a plan to close the Hennepin Canal, favorite fishing stream between Bureau and Rock Island. At Norris City, the Texas-to-Illinois pipeline was in operation.

INDIANA
Cold snaps nipped Daviess County winter wheat, barley and oats. Sullivan, without a traffic death since 1937, is again on the national safety traffic roll. At Dunkirk, Raymond P. Pavey, substitute town marshal, admitted he faked the report of hold-up of the First State Bank last August. Jackson Landers sold his farm for $19,000, a record for Hamilton County. Fires: the school and gym destroyed at Williams; 7,500 pounds of bacon burned to a crisp in a Fort Wayne packing house; the Davis Hotel in Brazil damaged. Burt McKeever, Marion factory worker, has knitted 102 sweaters.

IOWA
Wilber J. Teeters was elected mayor of Iowa City and David A. Nevin was re-elected mayor of Ottumwa. At Mason City, William B. Buirge was killed by a train. Edgar Holm and daughter Junis burned to death at their farm near Jewell. Iowa Masonic groups presented the Army with six ambulances. At Des Moines, Police Chief Joe Loehr retired and was succeeded by Floyd Hartzer; a $125,000 children's hospital will be built just west of Iowa Methodist Hospital. Shenandoah seed houses are doing a booming business due to victory gardens. Last year, 485 sets of twins were born in Iowa.

KANSAS
Despite gas rationing, automobile injuries have increased at Wichita. Some Sedgwick County schools are selling more than $5,000 monthly in War Bonds. At Topeka, U. S. District Judge Richard J. Hopkins reached the retirement age of 70 but may not retire. Joseph S. McDonald, former state senator from Wyandotte County, charged speculation in the used farm machinery market. At Lawrence, a 852-unit housing project soon will be ready for occupancy.

KENTUCKY
J. Lyter Donaldson announced his candidacy for governor. Demolition of the old post office at 4th and Chestnut Streets, Louisville, was nearly completed. At Frankfort, Judge W. B. Ardery ruled that farmers who are short-handed should be freed from jury service.

MASSACHUSETTS
At Mansfield, David Stoddard, his wife and their child burned to death in their home. Involved in a collision, Albert Nascimbeni, West Springfield, silently handed his auto keys to the other driver, jumped into the Connecticut River and drowned. At Northampton, an earthquake shook the B. & M. tracks into the Connecticut River. A $3,000 truck load of meat was stolen from a Medford garage. Springfield's Mayor Putnam became a lieutenant commander in the Navy. Boston fish handlers ended a six-day strike. Neighbors of Steve Bortka, Lawrence, missed his daily flag raising, investigated and found him wrapped in his flag, a suicide.

MICHIGAN
At Kalamazoo, Fred Marks, 50-year-old Otsego barber, shot himself to death at the home of his daughter. At Detroit, many city employees went on a 48-hour week; former Prosecutor McCrea and former Sheriff Wilcox were ready to start jail terms for graft conspiracy. Dead: the Most Rev. Joseph Plagens, bishop of the Grand Rapids Roman Catholic Diocese, at Grand Rapids.

MISSISSIPPI
At Fulton, Paul Spearman announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor. At Jackson, Mayor Scott ordered police to clear billiard parlors of vagrants. The livestock show at Port Gibson drew 7,000 people. B. O. Pennington, former radio announcer, was held on forgery charges at Natchez.

MISSOURI
At Kansas City, meat rationing forced Mrs. Mary Pratt to give away a lion she had kept as a pet for five years; the city council voted to allow swing shift workers recreation in approved places after 1 A.M.; professional workers began a 5-to-9 P.M. "white collar" shift at the Vendo Co.; a jury was picked to try George W. Welsh Jr., charged with the murder of his sister Leila. The Legislature turned down a bill allowing women to serve as jurors. At St. Louis, Frank Egenriether became fire chief, succeeding Joe Morgan, killed in a recent fire; movie theaters planned to go on a single bill basis. Charles Berry, 45, Negro, got two years for stealing 67 cents from a Kansas City peanut vending machine.

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A Round-Up of the Week Back in the States

NEBRASKA

Beatrice has 1,000 victory gardens; the city's potato acreage is the greatest in history. Work is underway on Fairbury's municipal airport. At Omaha, an exploding kerosene lamp caused the death of five members of the F. W. Hulett family. Creation of agricultural experiment stations in Knox and Cedar Counties was proposed. The swollen Missouri River flooded farms near Tekamah. At Grand Island, Mrs. Evelyn Kustchkau died from auto injuries.

NEW JERSEY

At Paterson, Edward Comiskey, 22-year-old heavyweight boxer convicted of raping a divorcee, was indicted on another similar charge. Three Mays Landing youths perished when trapped in a woods fire near Hammonton. At Union City, a three-alarm fire damaged a sporting goods factory. Atlantic City expects a lifeguard shortage.

NEW MEXICO

At Santa Rosa, the school board was under fire for making purchases from T. J. Spiller, board member and mayor. At Taos, Pinte Cortez was held for manslaughter in the death of Mrs. Anita Lopez, prominent Talpa resident. At Santa Fe, the First Christian Church observed the 10th anniversary of its founding.

NEW YORK

New York City police uncovered a vice ring involving young girls whose "madam" was 17 years old. The Legislature provided that pheasants can be hunted only by shotgun or longbow. At Buffalo, 800 boys and girls have quit school to take war jobs; "Grandpa" Meinecke, 94, oldest Boy Scout leader in the U. S., died; investigators uncovered a black market in potatoes. Broome County residents started a War Bond drive to buy 12 bombers. Forty-five thousand state employes were granted wage increases. Mrs. Grant Ervay, en route with U. S. mail to Watkins Glen, was killed by a Lehigh Valley train.

OHIO

At Akron, police investigated the slaying of Lucille Marie D'Aprano, 23, Kent State University co-ed, and George W. Reynolds, Negro country-club manager. Daniel Laurence, vice president of the University of Cincinnati, was honored for 40 years of service. At Toledo, two women were killed and three were injured when a trolley crashed into a moving Pere Marquette train. The Senate passed a bill to pension judges.

OKLAHOMA

Double murder and suicide was the police verdict in deaths by shooting of three persons in a Tulsa office building; the victims: Austin Branscum, 42, former Tulsa County deputy sheriff; Mrs. Gladys Echols, his former wife, and Miss Neele Cone, her roommate. At Oklahoma City, the U. S. Employment Service took control of 100,000 workers to stabilize labor conditions.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Meshoppen, a $100,000 fire wiped out the business section. At Philadelphia, Dorothy Soloner, 21, was burned to death with her parents and sister the day after she announced her engagement to a soldier; Mrs. Arthur Eilberg, wife of the head of the math department of John Bartram High School, was killed in a hold-up. At Pittston, Andrew C. Kizis, vice president of Liberty National Bank, was arrested by the FBI, charged with an overdraft of $80,000 and embezzling $70,000. Fire destroyed the block-long four-story warehouse of the Seaboard Glass Co. at Pittsburgh. Michael Musto, 45-year-old Altoona barber, was charged with killing his wife on the Blair County courthouse steps after being ordered to contribute to his family's support.

RHODE ISLAND

A teacher shortage threatened Warwick; elsewhere, the no-marriage rule was waived to keep schools staffed. Special bus service to Narragansett Park was canceled for the racing season. At Newport, a general alarm fire destroyed the Woolworth building. Two Sansone families were routed from their homes when fire destroyed a residence and business block at Bristol. Mrs. Ida Gray, 60, was burned to death in her home at Seekonk.

SOUTH CAROLINA

John M. Baxley of Sumter County must serve 15 months for advising others how to evade the Selective Service Act, the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals ruled. The Rev. Julian S. Ellenberg, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Chester and St. Peter's at Great Falls, is becoming an Army chaplain. Jesse Jones, Spartanburg Negro, was electrocuted for the ax-killing of J. L. Jones.

SOUTH DAKOTA

At Sioux Falls, Bert T. Yeager, street commissioner, set a record by being the first elective city official to be elected unopposed. Twelve blocks in Aberdeen were flooded by Moccasin Creek. Losses in baby pigs reduced the state's pork production.

TENNESSEE

At Memphis, a girl was killed and 34 persons were hurt in a collision between a Missouri Pacific freight train and a passenger train. At Greeneville, Arthur McPherson, 53, killed his wife, then shot himself. At Lebanon, Blanton Smotherman, 36-year-old farmer, shot Mrs. Georgia Jones and killed himself. At Dickson, Ferrell Dennison lost 30 mules by fire. T. H. McMillan, defeated candidate for mayor of Chattanooga, contested the election of his opponent, E. D. Bass. Secretary of State George Hatcher filed for the Democratic nomination for governor.

TEXAS

Ouster proceedings were instituted against Senator W. Lee O'Daniel by Charles Lavergne of Somerville, unsuccessful candidate on the People's Unity party ticket. Three escaped convicts from the Retrieve Prison farm were captured after a 90-mile-an-hour chase through Goose Creek. An anti-vice drive in 14 counties of south Texas resulted in cancelation of nine beer-sale permits and suspension of 13. The Houston Shipbuilding Corp. celebrated the launching anniversary of its first ship by christening its 50th Liberty cargo vessel.

UTAH

At Salt Lake City, priesthood leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints met in 113th annual general conference; a threatened strike of Utah Copper Mill workers was averted; David Law, 43, pleaded innocent to charges of killing Martin Bogarte, 31, in the Regis Hotel.

VIRGINIA

At Richmond, a train wreck delayed the instruments of the Cleveland Orchestra and canceled its concert; thieves cracked a box car and got frozen beef. Hampton Roads has a population of 460,256, an increase of 40 percent over 1942. Five Rockbridge County soldiers were killed when their car plunged off Natural Bridge. Spring planting was threatened by a state-wide shortage of farm machinery, especially in Pittsylvania County. The state had a spring snow of five inches.

WASHINGTON

At Spokane John A. Shaw became superintendent of public schools, succeeding Dr. O. C. Pratt. The C. & S. Foundry burned at Tacoma. At Seattle, R. Dudley Pope was killed testing a parachute of his own design before Naval officers. Student soldiers took over University of Washington fraternity houses.

WISCONSIN

The Legislature ordered six of the 13 Civil War battle flags returned to southern states. At Green Bay, William Stentil, 46-year-old farmer, is accused of killing his son Donald, seriously wounding his wife and two other children, and setting fire to his house and barn. Manitowoc police are investigating the death of Ruth Steiner, 38, found unconscious on a downtown sidewalk. A farm fire near Beloit cost the lives of Hiram, 3, and Robert, 2, sons of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Shuman.

At Scott Field, Ill., soldiers of the Army Air Forces radio school have taken the job of victory gardening on idle land in their spare time.

One of the courts in New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art has been taken by Red Cross workers, rushing surgical dressings overseas.

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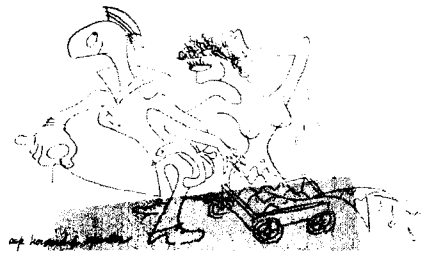
POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U.S.A.

If your contribution arrives too late for any reason, you will receive a letter similar to here Exchange, which will inspire a more creative mood.



—Cpl. HOWARD P. SPARBER
Army Air Base, Miami Beach, Fla.

UNCHARTED COURSE

I am just a humble sailor
Round begirt by rocks and shoals,
Bound by rules and regulations,
Duty lists and muster rolls.

When I'm stuck by any problem
I have only got to look,
And I know I'll find the answer
In that little blue-bound book.

It tells me what I ought to do
In any circumstance,
From the heat of bloody battle
To a casual romance.

But I need another rule book now,
I am baffled and bemused;
I am up against a question
That has got me all confused.

What to do—and I can't find out,
Though I've searched from near to far—
When a WAVE begins to waver,
Or a SPAR forgets to spar?

U. S. Naval Base, New Orleans, La.

A COAST GUARD'S DREAM

Most gobs dream of liberty
And of that sure-thing date;
Others of French fried potatoes
Beside a huge steak plate.
Many dream of battle
Upon the oily sea,
And how they'll laugh at Adolf
When he decorates a tree.
Still others dream of pay day,
In ecstasy to think
Of all the cold and foamy beers
They vowed they wouldn't drink.
A number dream of ratings
And of the standard gripes—
"A guy with my ability
Deserves a dozen stripes."

But me, I must be different,
At least that's how it seems.
'Cause when I creep into the sack
I'm much too tired for dreams.

—HARVEY PROBER AS
U. S. Coast Guard Training Station, Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

"You told me to swab his throat."
USCG, Washington, D. C. —SENICH

FROM ZOOT SUIT TO BOOT SUIT

—NORMAN SAMAHA Y3c
USCG, Boston, Mass.

WELL, I joined up. I'm in the Coast Guard now. When I joined a friend of mine called up and said, "Sedley, are you really in the Coast Guard?" "Sure," I said. "Well," he said, "in that case I am selling my War Bonds."

I stagger out of bed at 4:30 now. In the old days I used to stagger in bed at 4:30.

I called some boot here an imbecile and he said, "Is that better than an ensign?"

I went out for boat drill the other day and didn't get a bit seasick. Only my stomach started to sing, "You'd be so nice to come home to."

I sleep in a hammock now. You know what a hammock is. It's a snood, except you wear it on the other end.

One of the guards went after a guy who was AWOL. He approached him and said, "Are you Clements Underbottom?" And the guy said "Yes." "Are you stationed at Manhattan Beach?" And the guy said "Yes." "Well, you've been AWOL for the last three weeks." And the guy said, "What about it?" "Nothing," said the guard, "we just missed you terribly, that's all."

I had a blood test today and it came back marked "No kidding."

In the morning I work in the hospital. They call me admiral because I have charge of all the vessels in the third floor.

One of our platoon leaders used to be an usher at Potters Field.

I was out with a SPAR the other night. Boy, could she eat. She only eats when the spirit moves her, but is she haunted. She started eating her soup and a fellow ran out in the street and yelled, "Run for the hills, boys; the dam is broken." She talks slow. She talks so slow by the time she says, "I'm not that kind of a girl," she is.

Don't raise the bridge, boys; I'll lower the river.

I have to go now so I'll leave you with one thought: always remember scuttlebutt — don't spread it.

I'll go quietly, doctor.

—ROY (SALTY) SEDLEY SK3c
U. S. Coast Guard Training Station, Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

THE SPARS

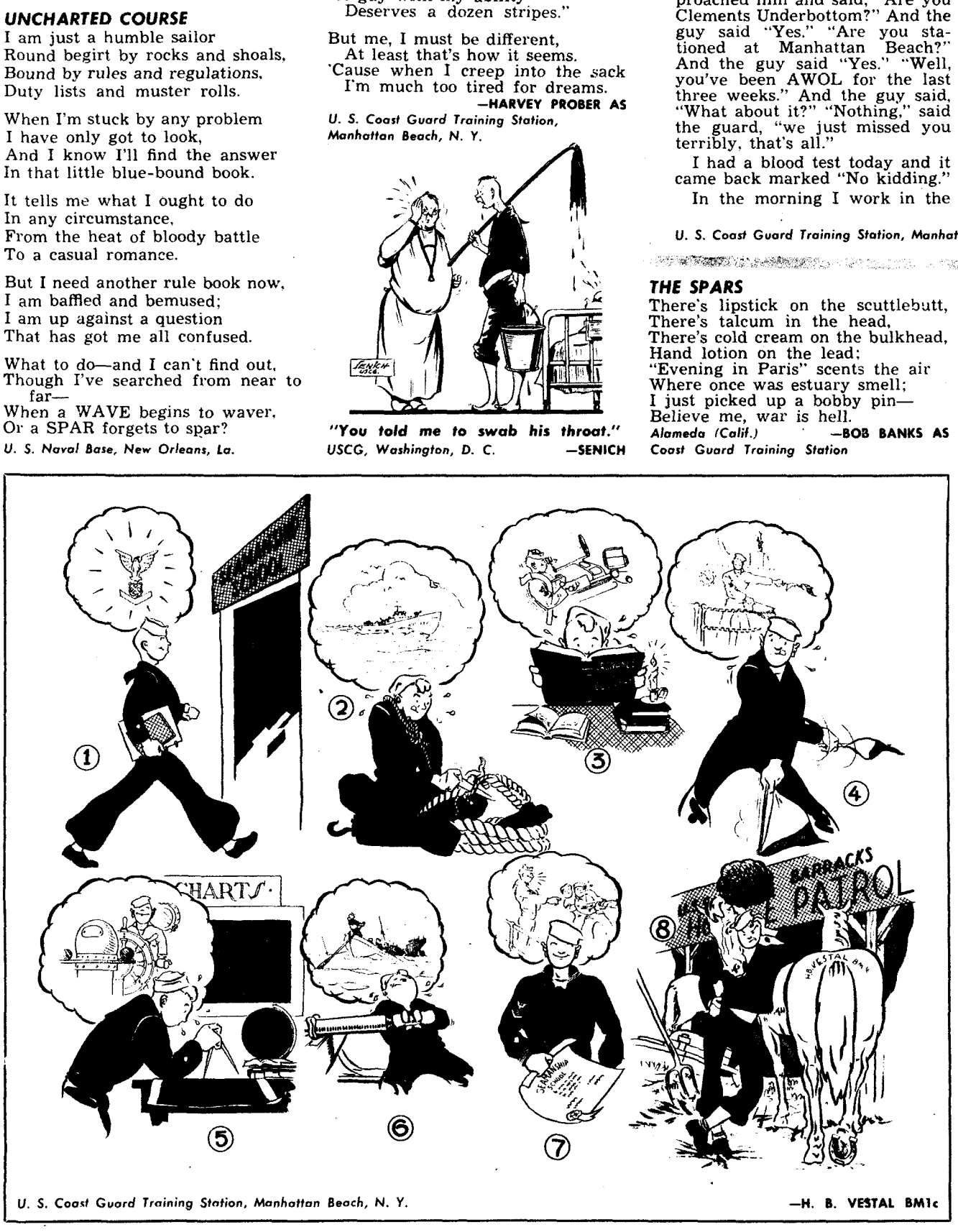
There's lipstick on the scuttlebutt,
There's talcum in the head,
There's cold cream on the bulkhead,
Hand lotion on the lead;
"Evening in Paris" scents the air
Where once was estuary smell;
I just picked up a bobby pin—
Believe me, war is hell.

Alameda (Calif.) —BOB BANKS AS
Coast Guard Training Station

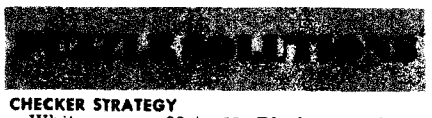
OVER THE LINE

"I draw a line at kissing,"
He said with fiery accent.
But he was only a Coast Guardsman,
So over the line he went.

—ROLLAND ALTERMAN S1c
U. S. Coast Guard Training Station, Camden, N. J.



U. S. Coast Guard Training Station, Manhattan Beach, N. Y. —H. B. VESTAL BM1c



CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 26 to 23. Black must jump 20 to 27.

White moves 18 to 15. Black king must jump 11 to 18.

White jumps 23 to 14. Black must jump 9 to 18.

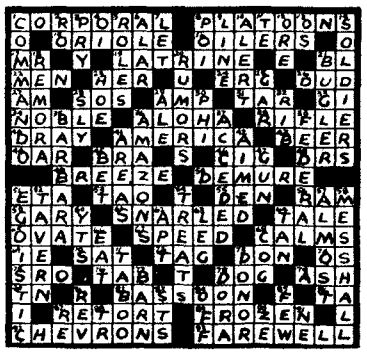
White king jumps 32 to 23 to 14.

Now White holds the remaining two Black checkers in perpetual check with one king, by simply shuttling between squares 10 and 14 whenever Black applies the squeeze. White draws.

COIN CAPERS

Place one finger of your left hand firmly on coin 2. Place two fingers of the right hand on coin 3, and move it away to the right. Then bring it back quickly. It will strike coin 2, and the impact will be transmitted to coin 1, which will spring to the left. This will allow you enough space into which you can then move coin 3.

GI CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Golf-Log Winners

Our par of 7 in the Mar. 19 Golf-Log game was smashed by many GIs. Lowest scores were submitted by Pfc. Charles Berman, Fort Miles, Dela., and S/Sgt. Ted Spieler, Columbia, S. C. Both of these changed TANK to BOMB in 5 strokes, thus: TANK—1) TONK, 2) TONE, 3) TOME, 4) TOMB, 5) BOMB.

A YANK Puzzle Kit has been sent as a prize to each winner. Another Puzzle Kit went to Pvt. Walter Thoresen, Chanute Field, Ill., for submitting a number of excellent original Golf-Logs.

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SPORTS: DODGER FAN RETURNS FROM COAST GUARD DUTY IN ALGIERS TO PLAY LEFT FIELD WITH HIS BUMS

By Sgt. FRANK DE BLOIS

WHEN Raymond Krygier, a Coast Guard machinist's mate, returned home to Red Hook, Brooklyn, from landing operations in North Africa, the first thing he said was "How do the Bums look this year?"

"How's Wyatt's arm?" he asked. "Have we still got the Lip? I wonder what Camilli will hit?"

Later, when Krygier was being feted and fed by the Bedford Avenue Marching and Chowder club, Red Barber, the popular philosopher who broadcasts the Dodgers' home games from Ebbets Field, asked him what he'd like to do during his shore leave.

"I'd like to play left field for the Bums," Ray said, his face full of pastrami.

Before he entered the Coast Guard last year, Ray was what is known around the Nedick stands in Brooklyn as a "typical Dodger fan." He had a piece of pine all his own nailed down in the center field bleachers and he never missed a home game. He wore the traditional center field fan's uniform: baggy burlap pants, a polo shirt, a blue serge vest and a sailor straw hat, and he knew how to take a good bead with a beer bottle on an enemy outfielder's head. His arm, his eye and his caustic tongue were feared around the league.

In North Africa, Ray saw a split of excitement. He manned a winch on an invasion barge that was under fire for four days during landing operations in Algiers. Shells from Vichy French shore batteries were zooming over his head like home-run balls off Luke Hamlin and dive bombers were as thick as mosquitos at Manhattan Beach in July. But Raymond just kept thinking about those Giant-Dodger doubleheaders and after a while he found he wasn't worrying much about the battle.

"We kept talking about baseball and stuff," said Ray, "to keep our minds off the bombing."

When Ray told Red Barber he'd like to play left field for the Bums, Red said he'd fix it. He called a man named the Lip, who manages the club, and had him invite Ray to the Bums' Bear Mountain training grounds for the weekend.

Ray turned up at Bear Mountain Friday morning and started to work out with Billy Herman, Kirby Higbe, Dixie Walker and the rest of the Dodgers. He caught a few flies and picked up a few grounders and, after he had worked the kinks out of his legs, he found he could get around almost as well on the field as he could in the bleachers. A baseball, he

Leo Durocher with Ray Krygier.

discovered, was harder to control than a beer bottle, but, after a couple of pegs, he caught on to that, too.

At the Bear Mountain camp, the Bums held a three-hour workout every day. They got up about 8 in the morning, took a shower, ate breakfast and bummed around until noon. Then they worked out until three. It looked like a snap to Ray, who never enjoyed those kind of hours in the U.S. Coast Guard.

He felt kind of weary, however, running around after grounders for an hour and a half, so he was happy when the man called the Lip pulled him out of the field and told him to take his turn at batting practice.

Newt Kimball was on the hill for the Bums and somehow he got the idea that Ray was a fresh busher up from Sioux Falls seeking a job on the team. So Kimball poured in his fast ball and Ray beat the air vainly trying to hit him. He fouled off exactly one pitch in 102 until the man called the Lip told Kimball to ease up a little because Ray wasn't a busher from Sioux Falls at all, but only a loyal Dodger rooter from way back. Kimball then tossed a couple of bloopers and Ray pooped them smartly right back to the mound.

Saturday's work-out was much like Friday's, only tougher. Ray chased flies in the sun until he was dizzy, waved his bat at Kimball and Higbe and Wyatt until he looked like a whirling dervish and ran around the ball yard until he thought he would drop. He spent a couple of hours groaning on the training table after the rest of the guys had gone home and when he went to bed he dreamed he was back in Algiers, rowing around in a catcher's mask with red hot baseballs steaming past his ears.

On Sunday the Bums were scheduled to play an exhibition game with the Montreal Royals and Ray was assigned to left field by the man called the Lip. But when game time came Ray wasn't around so a fellow named Medwick had to play left field instead.

At the start of the ninth, Ray limped into the dugout wearing a couple of musette bags under his eyes.

"Where have you been?" yelled the man called the Lip. "I could fine you $25 for this."

"I'm not in good shape," replied Ray. "I've run 98 miles after fly balls and grounders during the last two afternoons and I can't move my legs up and down any more. Those two days were almost as rough as Casablanca."

Ray hopes he'll be back in Ebbets Field again when the war is over, gurgling a brew as of old, and getting a good sight on the back of some Giant outfielder's head. He's thinking of changing positions, however. He says he's going to sit behind right field instead of in center.

"I can't cover the ground that I used to," he explains.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

DEMPSEY'S JOB FOR COAST GUARD

When **Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey,** sketched above by Manning Hall S1c, USNR, reported to the Coast Guard training station at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., last winter, the captain summoned him into the office and asked how much he knew about physical education. "Nothing," said Dempsey. "Well, Mr. Dempsey," asked the captain, "what do you know about teaching a man how to defend himself?" "Everything," said Dempsey. That was enough to convince the Coast Guard, so they turned a new gymnasium over to him. And Jack still insists he isn't running a physical education program. He calls it a fighting program.

The Coast Guard seems to have a fondness for lightweights. They have **Lew Jenkins,** a recent champion; **Lou Ambers,** another former champion, and **Marty Servo,** an up-and-coming title contender. . . . **Tommy Henrich,** specialist first class and former Yankee outfielder, tops the list of eight American Leaguers serving with the Coast Guard. . . . The Coast Guard baseball team at Alameda, Calif., is probably the best in the Coast Service League. They have already knocked off the much-heralded McClellan Field team twice.

That rude 11-to-2 kicking the **New York Giants** handed the **Ellis Island Coast Guard** team wasn't as bad as you might think. As a matter of fact, the Islanders did surprisingly well considering that they were a hastily thrown together team which, up to a few days before the game, had little time for practice. **Tim Sullivan,** the former Yankee bat boy, appeared on the Coast Guard team and played first base.

The Army has inducted **Hank Danning,** the Giant catcher, and will soon get **Boots Poffenberger,** the former big-league pitcher. . . . **Frank Carideo,** backfield coach at Iowa for the last four years, has been sworn into the Navy as a lieutenant (jg). He is listed as an aviation specialist. . . . **Pvt. Johnny Greco,** the very promising Canadian Army lightweight, is a vegetarian. He's the first of any prominence since old Freddie Welsh.

THIS trick may win you a drink—if the other fellow has missed this issue of YANK. Set up two quarters and a nickel as shown above. Bet someone that you can place one of the quarters in the middle instead of the nickel, under these conditions:

The quarter at the left may be moved but not touched.

The quarter at the right may be moved and touched.

The nickel may be touched but not moved.

Looks impossible but it can be done. You'll find the solution on page 22. We've numbered the coins 1, 2 and 3 for convenience in following the solution.

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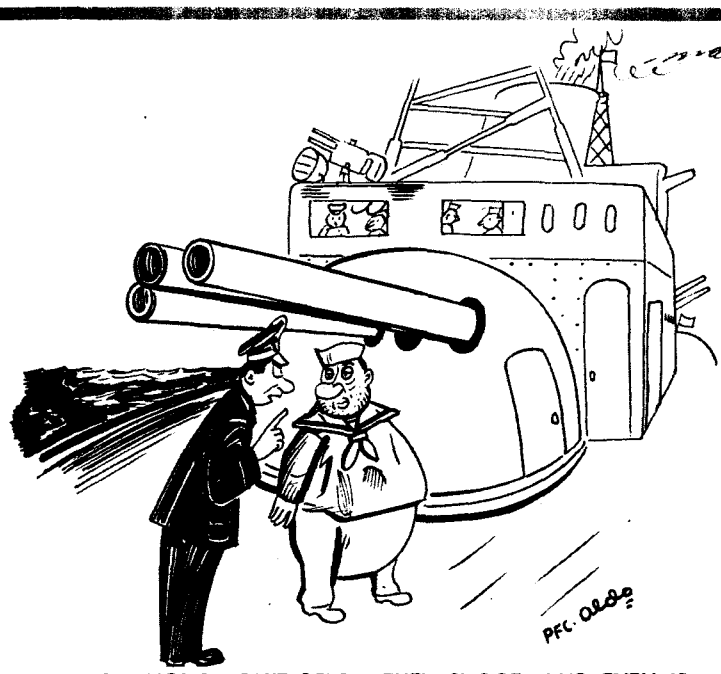
"I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE COAST GUARD NEVER LEFT CHESAPEAKE BAY."
—*Pvt. Jack Ruge*



"CANNONS DON'T BELCH—THEY SHOOT. AND EVEN IF THEY DID, IT STILL WOULD BE NO EXCUSE FOR YOU."
—*Pfc. Aldo, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.*

YANK

"OH, I DON'T MIND THEM. I USED TO BE A LIFE GUARD AT CONEY ISLAND."
—*Sgt. Frank Brandt*

A

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